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SONGS

OF A

REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.

J. L. Joynes.



PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY

BY

PROFESSOR H. G. FIEDLER

Fiedler A 230

not in Morgan

SONGS

OF A

REVOLUTIONARY EPOCH.

*Translations from Fiedler's, Harrold,
Steele &c*

BY J. L. JOYNES.

LONDON

FOULGER & CO., 13, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1888.



PREFACE.

THERE are two theories as to the principles which should guide the translator of rhymes. One is that which Shelley enunciated, maintaining that "translations are intended for those who do not understand the original, and, therefore, should be purely English," while the opposite theory declares that they are chiefly intended for those who do understand the original, and that poems should rather be transcribed than translated. Of this latter class of translations the most conspicuous example is Mr. Browning's rendering of the Agamemnon.

It seems to me that the first of these two theories is the true one, and that it is more important that a translator should catch the spirit of the original than that he should reproduce its very words or its exact metre. For the charm that lies in the collocation of the words in the original must inevitably be lost when the words themselves are transformed into another tongue, although their meaning in each case may be identical; and it is the translator's duty to revivify the charm by a different collocation. I have, therefore, not been careful to keep to the exact words of my originals, and in some cases I have altered their metres; though this alteration has chiefly consisted in substituting single for double rhymes, the latter being so much commoner, and so much more easy to manage in German than in English. Nor have I scrupled to sacrifice accuracy to euphony in the case of the mention by name of persons, the pronunciation of whose titles, though

perfectly natural to the German tongue, is detestable or impossible to the English. For example, in Freiligrath's fine poem entitled "Vienna," the name of a certain Croat General Jellachich occurs twice in one unfortunate line; and, though nearly half the line is lost by its omission, I venture to think that the remainder has greatly gained by its loss, and that the half is in this case much more than the whole. In the same way I have here and there omitted a line, and occasionally even a stanza, which appeared prosaic or unintelligible to the English reader. But though none of these pieces pretend to be literal transcripts, they do purport to be translations, and I have throughout attempted to dress the poet's ideas in English, not to substitute ideas of my own.

Several of Freiligrath's poems and one of Herwegh's have already been translated, but with two exceptions I do not wish to deprecate the comparison of my translations with those of others. The exceptions are Herwegh's "Labour Song," which has been translated by Mr. Karl Pearson, whose rendering is closer and more terse than mine, and Freiligrath's "Revolution," which was very finely translated by Ernest Jones. But the large majority of the poems included in this volume have not been done into English before.

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ERRATA.

Page 4, line 4, for "ver " read "over."

Page 17, last line, for "deafening " read "deafened."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE GERMAN REVOLUTIONARY POETS.

BECK, KARL ISIDOR.—Born in Hungary in 1801. He studied medicine at Vienna. In 1844 he published in Berlin a volume of poems, which was instantly confiscated, but was afterwards given back to him by command of the King. In 1846 appeared his "Songs of the Poor." He died in poverty in 1879.

BECKER, JOH. PHIL.—Born at Frankenthal in 1808. After being arrested, and undergoing a term of imprisonment, he went in 1837 to Switzerland, and in 1848 and the following year took a prominent part in the revolutionary movement of Southern Germany. After the founding of the International Workers' Association, he displayed great activity in its interest, and was the leader of its German section. From 1866 to 1871 he edited the *Vorbote*, the leading organ of its German branch. He died at Geneva in 1887.

FREILIGRATH, FERDINAND.—Born in 1810, in the capital of the principality of Lippe Detmold. His father, Johann Wilhelm Freiligrath, a public teacher was too poor to afford him a university career. At fifteen the future poet was put into an uncle's business at Soest, which six years after he left to enter a bank at Amsterdam. Here he wrote some poems for publications, as well as translations of Victor Hugo, and of many English poets. In 1838, when he had returned to a merchant's desk at Barmen, his first volume of poems was issued at Stuttgart. He had become known to Chamisso,

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Uhland, Gustav Schwab, and Immermann, and now took to literature as a profession. In 1841 he married a daughter of Professor Melos of Weimar and settled at Darmstadt, where he failed in establishing a paper to be called "Britannia," to be specially devoted to English literature. Alexander von Humboldt induced William IV. of Prussia to grant him a pension of 300 thalers, and the poet spent the first year of his married life in the society of Longfellow, Emanuel Geibel, Levin Schücking, Berthold Auerbach, and other kindred spirits.

The increase of oppression in Germany drew Freiligrath into the ranks of the revolutionists, already joined by Herwegh, Prutz, Grün, and Hoffmann von Fallersleben. His convictions were published in 1844, in the volume of poems entitled "Glaubensbekenntniss," which the Government tried to suppress with the result of increasing its previously great popularity. To avoid the inevitable prosecution, the poet went to Brussels and then to Zurich, making in his exile the friendship of Karl Marx, Bürger, Arnold Ruge, and Heinzen. In 1845 he published, under the title "Ca ira," six poems which rendered even Switzerland no longer a safe abode, and he came to England early in 1846, and for two years kept his family by mercantile work. The year of the revolution ended his exile, and June, 1848, found him in Düsseldorf issuing poems of so fiery a tone, that in October he was put on trial for the revolutionary instigations contained in the poem, "The Dead to the Living." Freiligrath was triumphantly acquitted, and then went to Cologne where he collaborated with Karl Marx on the *New Rhenish Gazette*, in which some of his finest poems appeared, and of which in May, 1849, he wrote the "Farewell." After the collapse of the paper he remained a year in Cologne, and then went back to Düsseldorf, whence, in 1851, he departed for London on the publication of another volume, which he foresaw would become the pretext for another prosecution. The next seventeen years were spent in exile and poverty

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in England, but his literary work was never abandoned. In 1868 a testimonial from his admiring countrymen enabled him to return to spend his closing years at Stuttgart, where he died in March, 1876. More complete information about the poet's life can be gained from an article by Karl Blind in *Fraser's Magazine* (1876), from a short biography by his daughter, Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker, in *To-day* (December, 1884, and February, and March, 1885), and in the letters published by Dr. Wilhelm Buchner, in "Ein Dichterleben in Briefen," at Crefeld in 1882.

Various poems written by Freiligrath have been translated into English by Ernest Jones, J. C. Mangan, Justin Macarthy, G. E. Shirley, J. R. Chorley, Bayard Taylor, Mary Howitt, Adelaide Anne Proctor, and others.

GLASSBRENNER, ADOLF.—Born in Berlin in 1810. Brought up to be a merchant. He edited a weekly paper called *Don Quixote* until it was suppressed. In 1848 he took part in the revolutionary movement in Berlin. Died in 1876.

HEINE, HEINRICH.—Born at Düsseldorf in 1799, the son of a Jewish merchant. He studied law at Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen, and in 1830 went to live in Paris. In 1835 the German authorities placed their interdict on all his writings, both past and future. He died in 1856, after lying helpless on his bed for nine years.

HERWEGH, GEORG.—Born at Stuttgart in 1817. He studied Theology at Tübingen, but returned to Stuttgart without finishing his course. There the conscription compelled him to become a soldier; but being prosecuted for insulting an officer, he escaped into Switzerland, where, in 1841, he published his "Gedichte eines Lebendigen." Thence he went for a short time to Paris, but his published poems were meanwhile received in Germany with such enthusiasm, that on going to Berlin at the age of 25 he found himself the chief literary lion there, was courted and made much of by society, and even granted an audience with the King of

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Prussia. But when staying at Königsberg he wrote a letter to the King, which caused him to be at once banished from Prussian territory. He married the daughter of a wealthy man, and went to live in Paris, but when the Revolution of 1848 broke out in the Grand Duchy of Baden, he marched across the frontier at the head of a regiment of Republicans, was routed by the Prussian troops at Schopfheim, and escaped to Zürich. In 1861 he was appointed to a Professorship at Naples, but this appointment was cancelled at the request of the Governments both of Prussia and France. At the awakening of the labour movement in Germany he joined the Social-Democratic Party. He died in 1875.

To the above summary of the chief events of his life I append some interesting personal details kindly communicated to me by Miss Blind, who enjoyed his acquaintance at Zürich.

"Herwegh himself made very little, if anything, by his pen. He led a very studious but desultory kind of life, and, as far as a girl of eighteen years could judge, his knowledge of literature was extraordinarily comprehensive. I should say he knew enough to have stocked the minds of some scores of our pen-trôtters, but partly from pride, perhaps, partly from indolence, he turned these materials to no practical account. All he did was to pour it forth to half-a-dozen friends who used to gather round him every afternoon smoking after the early dinner. To me his talk was often a kind of intoxication. Only a man of imagination, of great breadth of culture, and of exquisite refinement could have conversed as he did; but you had only to know him to understand that he could never by any means have been a revolutionary leader, or even a practical politician. His personality was very attractive, and he had a great charm of manner, but he was not a manly man, and it was curious that it was precisely he who should have written such inspired revolutionary poems."

PFAU, KARL LUDWIG.—Born at Heilbronn in 1821, the son of a

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gardener. He went to Paris, where he worked as a gardener himself and studied French literature. He then went to the University of Tübingen, and in 1848 started a comic paper at Stuttgart. Being prosecuted by the State, he escaped into Switzerland and thence to Paris; but in 1866 he was able to return to Stuttgart, where he edited another paper and wrote some essays on Art, for which he received the thanks of the Academy of Munich. He is now living in Württemberg.

WEERTH, GEORG.—Born at Detmold, the son of a clergyman. In 1843 he went as a merchant to England, where he met Marx and Engels. After the March Revolution of 1848 he took part in management of the "New Rhenish Gazette." For publishing a book entitled "The Life and Deeds of the Famous Knight Schnapfhahnsky," he was tried and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He died of yellow fever in Havannah in 1856. He takes rank as one of the most remarkable of the poets of the German Proletariat.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM
FERD. FREILIGRATH.



REVOLUTION.

AND though ye bind your noble prey in thongs and fetters
hard and fast,
And though ye lead her out to die beneath the fortress wall
at last,
And though she lie beneath the sod, whose fair green grass at
dawning red
The peasant-girl with roses decks,—I tell ye all, she is not
dead !

And though ye rob her forehead high of all its locks of
floating hair,
And choose the murderer and the thief your dungeon-den
with her to share ;
Though she has donned your prison dress, and ta'en the food
your gaoler gave ;
And though she now your oakum picks,—I tell ye, she is not
your slave !

And though ye hunt her from her home, and drive her out to
distant lands,
And though she seeks a stranger's hearth, and mutely by its
ashes stands,
And though she bathes by unknown streams feet sore with
stones and splinters sharp,
She ne'er will deign on foreign trees to hang on high her
sacred harp.

Ah no—she sets it at her side, and proudly strikes a strain of
hope ;
She laughs her exiled state to scorn, as she has laughed to
scorn the rope ;
She chants a song whereat ye all spring to your feet in evil
cheer,
That sets your hearts—your coward hearts—your traitor
hearts—a-throb with fear.

No strain is hers of grief and tears, nor e'en regret for those
that died ;
Far less a song of keen contempt for that hypocrisy of pride,
Your Beggars' Opera, in whose scenes ye well know how to
prance and prate,
How smirched soe'er your purple be, how rotten all your robes
of state.

Nay, what she sings by foreign streams is not the shame of
folk forlorn ;
'Tis song that triumphs o'er defeat, and hails the future's
mighty morn.
Bright dawns her day : she speaks but that her fierce
prophetic eyes can see,
Of days to come, as erst your God : " I was, I am, and aye
shall be !

" Yea, yet shall be, and once again before my People I
shall go,
Shall plant my foot upon your necks, and lay your thrones
and kingdoms low ;
Shall free the slave, and right the wrong, with sword un-
sheathed and flag unfurled,
And strong with outstretched arm of might cry Freedom's
birth to all the world.

~~~~~  
“ Ye see me in the poor man’s hut, ye see me in the dungeon  
den,  
Or wandering on the thorny path of exile among unkind  
men ;  
Ye fools ! a dwelling-place is mine wherein the tyrant hath  
no part,  
A kingdom in the brave man’s brow, a home in every noble  
heart.

“ In hearts that know not how to bend, that cannot cringe,  
and dare not lie,  
That beat in sacred sympathy with all that suffer and that  
die,  
In every hut where workers toil, and men for freedom strive  
and strain,  
There, there I hold eternal right with undisputed sway to  
reign.

“ Day dawns apace ; yet once again before my People I  
shall go,  
Shall plant my foot upon your necks, and lay your crowns  
and kingdoms low.  
’Tis no mere threat ; the words ye hear are writ by Fate with  
iron hand—  
This sultry noon !—Yet, while I sing, free breezes cool this  
foreign land.”

### THE PALACE OF ICE.

---

YE all, I well suppose, have heard of that enormous icy dome,  
Where o'er the frozen Neva's flood there rose a house of  
frozen foam.

A Royal Russian woman's whim compelled her slaves to pile  
it high :

Tier ver tier of solid ice the frost-bound folly faced the sky.

Against the polished panes without the wintry wind blew cold  
as death,

But balmy zephyrs breathed within their warm spring-scented  
flowery breath ;

Sweet music stole about the courts, bright lamps of crystal  
gleamed and glanced,

And o'er the floors of spacious halls the high-born merry-  
makers danced.

Thus till the days of midmost March the wondering folk that  
palace saw ;

But e'en in Russia comes a spring, and even Neva's icebergs  
thaw.

Hark! echoing louder than the loud South-western storm  
resounds the crash,

As headlong in the weltering flood the myriad sparkling  
fragments flash.

The waves in triumph clap their hands—so tightly bound in frost before—

The angry waves that yesternight a court and all its folly bore,  
That suffered all the pomp of state above their head to flaunt  
or frown,

And meek and mild allowed a queen beneath her feet to tread  
them down.

Now Neva claps her hands indeed! Right onward through  
the solid snow

Right onward through the blocks of ice her furious waters  
foaming go;

Blot out all traces of her shame, and then, rejoicing to be free,  
Flow on in majesty and peace to mix with the eternal sea.

Ye who would fetter Freedom's flood, and dam her torrent  
back by force—

Like Neva she will burst her bonds, and rush resistless on  
her course;

Will break the yoke she bore so long, dissolve her fetters in  
a trice,

And whelm beneath her whirling waves the despot's royal  
dome of ice.

Full well ye prank it in your pride, or do your secret deeds  
of shame,

As if the iceberg never thawed, as if no spring-time ever came;  
But see! the sun mounts slowly up; warm zephyrs whisper  
through the land;

Your ceiling drips; your palace swims; the floor is floating  
where ye stand.

O fools, that fain o'erwhelmed would be! Ye prate and  
strive to make it plain

To yonder melting slab of ice its duty is to freeze again.



---

Good sirs, 'tis vain ; your time is up ! Your prate will not  
put back the sun :

The ice must crash and disappear when once the thaw is well  
begun.

Another Neva claps her hands ! Right onward through the  
solid snow,

Right onward through the blocks of ice her furious waters  
foaming go ;

Blot out all traces of her shame, and then, rejoicing to be  
free

Flow on in majesty and might to mix with the eternal sea.

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

---

THE day may come before ye think ; the men have nothing  
more to eat ;

The wind goes whistling through their rags : whence can they  
clothing find and meat ?

" Let whoso hungers follow me," a hot-head youth is heard  
to cry ;

" I'll show him food and clothes enough a whole battalion to  
supply."

And quick as thought he gives the word, and draws them up  
in ranks and rows ;

And hark, the measured tramp of feet along the city cause-  
way goes ;

Till " Halt ! " he cries before a house with frowning stone  
entrenched and walled ;

" See here, my men, my store of clothes ; the Royal Arsenal  
'tis called.

The linen ye so sorely need this place in ample wealth  
provides,

Warm padded jackets just made up, and choice of coloured  
coats besides,

And cloaks against the rainy nights, and gloves, and cloth,  
the best that's made,

And all the things that show so fine whene'er they hold a  
grand parade.

~~~~~  
Ye know the whole collection well : ye too, though now in
tatters dressed,
Have marched in uniform before, when in the service ye were
pressed :
Yea, well-trained warriors are ye all, as soon as each man
dons his coat
And wears the stripe along his leg and ties his number round
his throat.

Who prates of theft? The coats are yours. Whence was
the wool that wove them torn?
Did ye not furnish it yourselves, ye silly sheep as e'er were
shorn?
You blockhead! are not those the threads your poor old
mother's hands have spun?
Not those the marks of bitter tears that o'er her work are
wont to run?

Then take your own. Well done! Ye look as trim as there
were work to do
In battle, or as ye were dressed and marshalled in a grand
review.
We nothing need but muskets now to be secure from all
alarms.
And lo, a room-full here at hand! Come, try the drill, mates.
Shoulder arms!

Well done again! Ye know the trick. But now, to cut
the matter short,
Let's take the guns along with us. 'Twill be the royallest of
sport.
And just suppose a hue-and-cry set up by some officious
dolt
Who might be knave enough to name our little jest a great
revolt!

They'll call it robbery as well; full soon you'll see a sorry sight,

A royal regiment of the line equipped and eager for the fight.

Then show your teeth or lose your coats; draw up in companies and sets;

Prepare your pikes and load your guns, and clean and fix your bayonets;

And cock your shako on your head, and gird your sword against your side,

That sword that ye the "bread-knife" call—oh, may the omen well betide!

May no man's brains befoul its blade; may no man's heart's-blood stain it red;

For wife and child may it henceforth cut nothing ghastlier than bread!

On, drummers, to the van; quick march! and fifers forward to the front!

Must eagle-standards always wave to lead you to the battle-brunt?

Enough of old-world birds of prey; we need no kite of all the pack:

Ye want a sign with which to win? Then rally round a beggar's sack!

Tie that to any staff you will—a trooper's pike, a spear, a lance—

Like earlier beggars, wave it high; with haughtier strides than their's advance.

Yes, haughty looks are yours of right, and vain pretence ye do not need;

Ye boast no idle empty name—true beggars all in very deed.

Then march, ye soldiers of the poor, ye beggars of a later day,
For lo where come, with horse and foot, the royal troops in
long array :

Hark ! Down the lines of foot and horse the stern command
to fire has fled—

Yet not a man obeys the word ; no guns discharge their load
of lead ! ”

A murmur runs along the rank, “ We too are for the People’s
cause ! ”

And straight before the beggar’s sack the eagle bows its beak
and claws !

Then loud hurrahs : “ Ye are with us, and we with you in
word and deed ! ”

“ Curs ! ” cries the general, in rage—a sergeant smites him
off his steed !

They storm along the crowded streets ; like avalanche their
numbers grow ;

The crown is trampled underfoot ; the kingdom totters ’neath
the blow—

Thus, ere ye think, through brands and blood the conquering
People raise their head,

And though by pain the birth be won, the day is born, the
night is dead.

VIENNA.

[Written in contemplation of the suppression, by the tools of the Austrian Court Camarilla, of the popular political rising in October, 1848.]

IF we knew how to kneel at all, we'd kneel upon the dust
to-day ;
If we knew any word of prayer, 'tis for Vienna we would pray ;
But long have we forgot the way to do obeisance and entreat,
We count for worthiest him alone who stands erect upon his
feet ;
We count that hand the best of hands that best the sword
and spear can wield,
And that the holiest mouth that sings war-songs upon the
battle-field.
What help in meek and muttered prayer ? Be men, and on
your rights insist !
Is this a time to fold the hands ? Nay, rather rise and clench
the fist !
Nay, 'tis no more the fashion now to sit with hand in folded
hand ;
Your left must grasp the sheath, your right the handle of the
burnished brand ;
Your left must seize a rascal's throat, for every rascal is our foe
Your right must poise the blade on high and strongly deal
the telling blow.
A stir and sweep of brandished swords, a struggle in the
fiercest fray—
That is the only form of prayer that meets Vienna's needs
to-day.

My country ! Yes, the time has come, the time to do a noble deed,
Nor there alone where far to South our friends to-day for Freedom bleed ;
Not only where embattled hosts are shaking Danube in his bed ;
Nor where beneath their Stephen's tower a denser smoke enshrouds the dead ;
Not there alone where Southern guns spit out their load of shot and shell ;
Not only there our steadfast North shall help the helpless to rebel !
Not thither need she turn her steps—where'er she lays her spear in rest,
Where'er she takes her sword in hand, there can she help her brothers best.
'Tis here that each must play the man ; small need is yours abroad to roam ;
Look round you, and ye shall not fail to find a tyrant nearer home.
A stroke for Freedom in the North is struck as well for friends afar,
And Southern tyrants quake to hear of risings 'neath the Northern star.

Late autumn is already here, chill winter's step approaches fast.
My country ! may a daring deed ennoble all thy sons at last !
The tense wires throb throughout the world ; the trains their nightly vigil keep ;
Comes stirring news from every land—but thou art fallen fast asleep !
Is Freedom's final hope forlorn, her last and worst death-struggle near ?
O shame ! and is thine only aid nought nobler than a coward's cheer !

BLUM.

[Blum was sent on a German Delegation to Vienna in 1848, and there shot by the Austrian authorities as a disturber of the public peace.]

IN that great city of Cologne, 'tis forty years ago to-day,
A child set up a lusty cry as on its mother's knees it lay—
A babe with glad bright open brow, true omen of its life
begun,
Fit emblem of its father's worth, a stalwart worker's sturdy
son—
So loud a cry that toiling nigh the father paused to hear his
child,
The mother pressed its little lips the closer to her breast and
smiled;
Against her breast, upon her arm she softly sang her son to
sleep—
Such cradle-song the hearers long among their sunny
memories keep.

In this same city of Cologne, 'mid moaning winds of winter
wild,
To-day in deepest organ tones resounds the grave-song of the
child.
'Tis not the mother bowed in grief who sings it o'er her
fallen son;
Nay, all Cologne bewails the death of him whose toil too
soon is done.
With solemn woe the city speaks: "Thou who didst bear
the noble dead,

Remain to weep within thy home, and bow to earth thine
aged head.

I also am his mother ! Yea, and yet a mightier one than I,
I and the Revolution's self, for whom he laid him down to die.
Stay thou within and nurse thy woe. 'Tis we will do him
honour here ;
'Tis we will watch and requiem sing for thy dead son upon
his bier."

So speaks Cologne : and organ notes through her dim cloisters
throbbing go.

The pillars of the altar stand enshrouded in the suits of
woe ;

The tapers give uncertain light, the clouds of incense denser
roll ;

A thousand mourners weep to hear the requiem for a parted
soul.

Thus doth the mother-city pay the toiler's son his honour due ;
Him who in far Vienna's walls the minions of oppression
slew ;

Whom native worth had helped to climb the steep and painful
path of life,

And meet the foremost of the land on equal terms of civil
strife ;

The man who, whatsoe'er might hap, could ne'er the People's
cause betray—

Why grasp ye not your swords in wrath, O ye that sing, and
ye that pray ?

Ye organ pipes, to trumpets turn, and fright the scoundrels
with your breath,

And din into their dastard ears the dreadful news of sudden
death,

Those scoundrels who the order gave, the cruel murder dared
to do—

The hero leant him on his knee in that autumnal morning's
dew,
Then silent fell upon his face in blood—'tis eight short days
ago—
Two bullets smote him on the breast, and laid his head for
ever low.

They gave him rest and peace at last ; he lies in peaceful
raiment dressed :
Then sing a requiem round his grave, an anthem of eternal
rest ;
Yea, rest for him who has bequeathed unrest to us for
evermore ;
For in the dim cathedral aisles, where moving masses thronged
the door,
Methought through all the noise I heard a sound as of a
whisper strange,
“ The passing moment is not all ; the organs shall to trumpets
change !
Yes, they that now sing dirges here shall seize the sword in
wrath sublime,
For nought but fierce, unceasing strife yet wrestles in the
womb of time.
A dirge of death is no revenge, a song of sorrow is not rage,
But soon the dread avenger's foot shall tramp across the
black-stoled stage ;
The dread avenger, robed in red, and smirched and stained
with blood and tears,
Shall yet proclaim a ceaseless war through all the coming
tide of years ;
Then shall another requiem sound, and rouse again the
listening dead—
Thou dost not call for vengeance due, but time will bring her
banner red.

The wrongs of others cry aloud ; deep tides of wrath arise in
flood—

And woe to all the tyrants then whose hands are foul with
guiltless blood ! ”

In that great city of Cologne, 'tis forty years ago to-day,
A babe set up a lusty cry where on its mother's knees it lay.
A man lay on Vienna's dust in blood—'tis eight short days
ago—

To-day his requiem on the Rhine bewails the doom that laid
him low.

THE WHISPERING WIND.

THERE's not a child along the Rhine as far as Switzerland
but knows
The murmur of the whispering wind that up the stream for
ever blows ;
With cooling breath o'er pleasant fields from early dawn till
angry noon,
To dwellers in the sultry streets he brings the blessing of his
boon.

Yes, ever only up the stream through all the vale from hill to
hill,
Goes hurrying on the bustling breeze with whisper soft or
whistle shrill ;
Upon the bosom of the flood he scorns to rest or downward
ride,
But hastens up from wave to wave against the river's tossing
tide.

Far down the valley's fruitful fields he sets him forth at first
to roam,
Past many a hut and many a mill and many a humble cottage
home ;
And thence to high-built palace halls where lords and mighty
princes dwell,
To din into their deafening ears the tale of wrong that he
must tell.

He roars and rattles round their doors without a thought of
shame or fear,
The only unhushed honest voice those palace precincts e'er
may hear ;
And blows till all the sky be bright, till all the mist be back-
ward rolled,
The curtained mist whose vapours dim their high-embattled
walls enfold.

Yes, bright above him grows the sky, and mist and vapours
flee away ;
So let him whistle round the walls, and blow the loudest blast
he may ;
Till yet another breeze shall rise and usher in a brighter morn—
The songsters of the wood awake, a whisper on the wind is
borne.

The whisper of that other wind is borne where'er its breezes
blow,
But always upward to the heights it comes from lands that
lie below ;
From lowland still to height and hill mounts up a murmur
and a cry,
And thatch and hut and cottage home still pass it on to
palace high.

The palace walls are veiled in cloud, and shrouded round
with mists of wrong,
But patience yet a little while ! the wind will clear them off
ere long ;
How thick so'er the vapours hang, how close so'er the clouds
be furled,
No more may they have leave to stay to blot and blight a
waking world.

All thanks to thee, thou whispering wind, and may thy
murmurs ne'er be dumb,
Till wrong be rolled like mist away—O would the happy time
were come!
For not a child by banks of Rhine right on to Switzerland
but knows
The voices of thy whispering breeze that upward, upward
always blows.

A VOICE FROM BELOW.

A SHIP came sailing down the Rhine—a noble company on board ;

Her panting engines mocked the calm ; her funnel steamed and smoked and roared :

She's brightly decked from stem to stern with coloured flags and streamers gay :

The king and court are visiting their castle on the Rhine to-day.

The sun is bright as burning gold ; the landscape glistens as they pass

'Mong haunts and homes of happy men ; the gleaming Rhine is smooth as glass ;

The polished planks are newly waxed, and up and down, and to and fro,

About the deck in high content the king and queen together go.

The royal pair survey the scene, and show by gracious smile and sign

August approval of the hills and vineyards on the banks of Rhine ;

And as they saunter up and down, so clean are all the planks and neat,

Where'er they walk they think they feel their palace floor beneath their feet.

But underneath the dainty decks, and under all that floating
pride,
Snorts the fierce prisoned element that drives them swiftly
down the tide ;
And smirched with smoke, and scorched with heat, there toils
and moils in gloom and glow
The soul of all the pride and pomp, the workman-engineer
below.

Outside the world shows green and fair ; cool flakes of foam
fly round their way ;
But on his furnace he must stare throughout the lovely live-
long day ;
And shovelling, raking, stirring still, half-naked he must
sweat and stand,
The while the king enjoys the breeze that gently floats o'er
stream and land.

And now the fires are fed with coal, and all the works are
bright with oil ;
And e'en the stoker tastes at last a moment's respite from his
toil ;
He heaves the hatches half-way up, thrusts out his head and
naked neck,
And leaning on his elbow there, he glances round the dainty
deck.

His fist is clenched, his brow is hot, and half-emerging o'er
the planks
From out the nether gloom appear his shaggy breast and
sturdy flanks.
He lets his gaze go wandering round, and gruffly thus begins
to talk :
" How much alike are ship and State ! Above my head *you*
gaily walk !

“ While down in labour’s den below, where all the air is
reeking hot,
Within the sultry forge of Need I hammer out my heavy lot ;
Nor mine alone—thine also, king ; for who could make the
wheels go round,
Unless the stoker’s sturdy fist had plied the poker under-
ground ?

“ What though you sit like Jove above, a Titan I ’mid steam
and heat :
My kingdom this volcano is that boils and bubbles at your feet,
It lies with me to shake the ground, and lo ! there topples
headlong down
The whole vast edifice at once whose roof is your bejewelled
crown.

“ Earth heaves; the central fires break through, and hoist you
howling to the skies ;
While we, unscorched of any flame, from darkness up to day-
light rise ;
And though we’ve long been crushed to earth beneath the
heavy hand of fate,
The force is our’s to forge afresh that poor old rotten thing
the State.

“ I’ll march in triumph through the world ! Upon my
shoulders, broad and strong,
A second stout Saint Christopher, I’ll bear the new-born
Christ along !
The giant I, who totter ne’er ! whom yet to his triumphal
feast
The Saviour o’er the stream of time shall choose for bearer
and for priest ! ”

This much the rugged Cyclops there has growled between
his tight-set teeth,
Then plunges down to work again, and plies his poker under-
neath.
The rods go crashing to and fro ; the flames around him chafe
and fret ;
The pent steam snorts ; he only says, " Nay, wrathful
element, not yet ! "

At last the steamer lands her load beneath the vine-clad
village walls ;
In coach and six the king drives off to view his new-built
castle halls.
The stoker mutters in his den, " All thanks to those that rear
the towers !
'Tis their's to pile the palace high—to burn it down shall yet
be ours ! "

THE CASEMENT CROSS.

THE king a hunting-party gave within his royal castle hall,
The seats were crammed with noble guests, the court
 musicians lined the wall,
The servants with the foaming wine went hurrying round
 from side to side,
And in the sultry summer heat the windows all stood open
 wide.

The nobles leaning out for air, where those high windows
 open stood,
Saw stretching far and wide beneath the windings of the cool
 green wood;
The wood wherein the king so oft mid sound of hoofs and
 hunters' horns
Would ride till he forgot the cares that made his crown a
 crown of thorns.

How stiff and stark those castle walls! How troublesome
 this Prussian land!
How confidently firm and proud upon her rights she still
 would stand!
And not her noblemen alone! Her towns were throwing off
 the yoke;
And those there were who fain would free from serfdom e'en
 her peasant folk.

Brave hearts that knew not how to yield ! True heritage of
precious things,
Thou sacred love of liberty so hateful to the soul of kings !
As emperors grow pale to-day to see thy flaunting flag
unrolled,
So trembled and grew sick at heart the lords of Brandenburg
of old.

The king sat feasting with his court mid steam of meat and
foam of wine—
‘ What matters all this petty prate of Parliament to me and
mine ? ’—
When lo, there hurried up the hall a booted rider faint with
heat,
A messenger from Parliament with blood-stained spurs and
dusty feet.

He gave his budget to the king—“ What fresh impertinence
is here ?—
The royal hunter glanced it o’er, and paled for anger or for
fear.
Across his brow a fitful frown of wrath and indignation
passed,—
“ O foolish folk, your cup is full ; this insolence shall be
your last.

“ As surely as this apple here ”—and lo, he grasps with hasty
hand
An apple ripe and ruddy-cheeked from out the basket where
they stand—
“ As surely as this apple now deep into yonder wood I send,
So sure will I of Prussia’s pride and boundless insolence
make end.

“ So surely shall they own their lord, and on my royal pleasure wait ;
So surely will I crush the pride of this too haughty subject State ;
So surely.”—And he raised his arm, and bent his body back to throw—
The nobles stretched their heads to see, and hardly dared to whisper low.

Forth flew the apple—to the wood?—Nay, not so fast!
’Twas wildly thrown ;
It whistled through the crowded hall, and—hit the casement’s mullioned stone,
Then tumbled on the floor.—Well done ! ’Tis but to make a steady stand !
So let this mullioned casement’s cross thy pattern be, my Fatherland.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

WITH bullets through and through our breast—our forehead
split with pike and spear—
So bear us onward shoulder-high, laid dead upon a blood-
stained bier ;
Yea, shoulder-high above the crowd, that on the man that
bade us die,
Our dreadful death-distorted face may be a bitter curse for
aye ;
That he may see it day and night, or when he wakes, or when
he sleeps,
Or when he opes his holy book, or when with wine high revel
keeps ;
That ever like a scorching brand that sight his secret soul
may burn ;
That he may ne'er escape its curse, nor know to whom for
aid to turn ;
That always each disfeatured face, each gaping wound his
sight may sear,
And brood above his bed of death, and curdle all his blood
with fear ;
That every sob breathed round us now may thrill his soul ere
he be dead,
And every clenched and stiffened fist be shaken o'er his
dying head—
Yea, if he lay him down to die as other folk are used to do,
Or if for him a scaffold high be sprinkled with a dreadful
dew !

Yea, thus with bullets in our breast—our forehead split with
pike and spear—
Beneath the king's high throne of state ye bore us on a slender
bier.
“Come down!”—and down he cringing came—came quaking
to our gory bed;
“Uncover!”—and he bared his brow; then, then the tyrant
bowed his head,
The tyrant who had scorned us erst—pale stood he and
oppressed with woe,
While our dead ranks went up the streets, streets we had
taken from the foe—
Then “Christ our sure and certain hope!” as in the book
ye all may read,
Though surely it were better writ, “A trusty sword our friend
at need!”

The day had dawned at last and slain the night of death and
murder done,
And thus ye bore us to our grave with sense of worthy
triumph won;
And we—for though our skull was split and pierced and
wounded through and through,
There gleamed a pride in our dead eyes in token we had
nought to rue—
We thought “the gain is worth the pain, although the price
is something dear,”
And then we laid us down content in peace and quiet on our
bier.

he shame be yours! We were deceived! Four summer
moons have hardly waned,
And cowards have already lost what we by valiant fighting
gained,

Have lost and thrown in vain away the gain our death and
glory gave—

Alas, your tale of shame has reached the listening ghosts
within their grave !

Like wave on wave the ill news comes of trouble in the upper
world ;

The folly of the Danish war, the flag of Poland's freedom
furled ;

The fury of the wild Vendée in provinces that would not
learn ;

The quick return of banished troops, the banished prince's
quick return ;

The shame at Maintz, the shame at Trèves, the trick that
triumphed everywhere

Of taking from the people arms they just had won the right
to bear ;

The knavery that dared to call the sack of arsenals a theft,
That left not pure our sacred names, nor their's that fell
unslandered left—

Where we in barricades had fought, the censorship of tongue
and pen ;

The base denial of the right of men to meet their fellow-men ;
The snarl of creaking dungeon doors through all the limits
of our land ;

The fresh-forged chains for all who dared upon the People's
side to stand ;

The league with Cossacks, and the sound of blows about the
People's head—

That head whose right it is to rise with fairest laurels chap-
letted—

For ye beyond the common crowd have rushed the dawning
day to greet,

Ye—Frenchmen of the days of June ! strong souls triumphant
o'er defeat !—

And then the traitor's kiss that still ye ever reaped for your
reward—

O People, is it always Peace ye in your leathern aprons hoard?
Say, lurks not War as well within? Up! let its blood-red
banner wave—

The second war, the war to death with all the forces that
enslave!

In your Republic's battle-cry let all the clanging bells be
drowned,

That now to consecrate afresh the robbery of your rights
resound!

Alas, 'tis vain! and need it were that ye should bear us
shoulder-high,

Again upon a blood-stained bier, uncovered 'neath the naked
sky;

Nor now, as on that earlier day, before the coward king to
stand—

Nay, through the market and the street, and all about our
native land!

First through the limits of our land: then let these dead
insurgents here,

Where Lords of State in council sit, be stretched before them
on their bier;

There, there with earth upon our head will we their fearful
gaze await—

Our face with foul corruption marred—fit emblem of their
rotten State!

There will we lie and cry aloud, Ere we had time to rot
away,

All freedom in your famous State is quickly turned to foul
decay.

The corn is ripe that then was green, when we in wild mid-
March were slain,

But freedom's seed has fallen first, cut short before the
sower's grain.

A poppy waving here and there escaped the mower's fatal
hand—

O would that Wrath could wave as well her blood-red banner
o'er the land !

Yet, yet Wrath must be with you still—that solace has at
least remained—

Too much of freedom have ye lost, too much of glory had
attained ;

Too much of shame, too much of scorn is offered you for
daily bread ;

Yes, righteous Wrath must yet be yours—O trust us though
we be but dead !

She yet is yours, and lo, she wakes !—she must, she shall
indeed awake !

Of that revolt so well begun a Revolution will she make !

Well knows she how to bide her time, then sudden sounds
her wild alarm ;

Sublime and awful, see ! she stands with floating locks and
outstretched arm !

With metal melted down for shot, with rusted gun she comes
arrayed ;

She waves her standard in the street, and plants it on the
barricade ;

It leads the march of men in arms, it flies above the People's
hosts—

The thrones are all aflame at last, the Princes flee beyond
the coasts ;

The kites with crooked beak and claws, the lions hurry far
away—

The People rising in their might assume of right the
sovereign sway.

Meanwhile, until the time be ripe, we stir your souls with
this our cry,

Ye who, alas, have loitered long, and put your fair occasion by.

O stand at arms, prepared to strike! Let all the land
wherein we rest,

So cold and stiff beneath the sod, be free at last from East
to West!

Then never need the bitter thought disturb us in our quiet
graves:

“We made you free, but slaves ye are, and evermore shall
still be slaves!”

MARAT'S RETURN.

NIGHT darkens o'er the dismal sea ;
The sea-mew screams through fog and cloud ;
Pale gleams the strand of Normandy,
Foam-flecked, and wrapt in misty shroud.
O desolate expanse of night !
One lonely boat lies just in sight,
By some few wretched sailors manned,
Who try their rotten bark to trim,
With panting breath and vision dim,
And hum a song, and hug the land.

While on the shore, with cheek and hair
Wet with the foam that o'er him flies,
Is sitting on the shingle there
A slight spare man with piercing eyes.
He gazes o'er the gloomy scene,
Scanning the clouds with glances keen,
And springs with clenched fist from his seat,
To chide with accents stern and loud
The waves, as though an angry crowd
Were surging round the speaker's feet.

Then down he sinks with knitted brow :
What is it that he hears and sees ?
What else but sail and mast and prow,
And hissing waves, and hushing breeze ?

D

He looks on other waves than those—
On eager friends and angry foes,
On folk aroused to wrath by wrong.
He sees the crowd whose hopes and fears
He oft has moved—he sees, he hears
Tumultuous Paris round him throng.

He sees the squares, he sees the streets—
Like breakers there in ebb and flood,
The mob advances and retreats,
Where seethes the furious Gallic blood—
And steel pikes brandished in the air,
And red caps on dark locks of hair,
Torches and trumpets, swords and brands,
And spears that children point and poise,
And rattling drums with dreadful noise
Beaten by frenzied women's hands.

From tower and steeple clang the bells;
And hark! the sound of bursting bars
The grim Bastille's destruction tells.
Lo, murder on the field of Mars,
Thunder of cannon, crack of gun,
Red banners streaming in the sun—
And who is she that leads them on?
On cannon, see, she sits astride,
With sword and musket at her side,
The Mericourt, the Amazon!

To stir such flames as these to heat
He thundered louder than the shots,
In clubs and corners of the streets,
Ringed with his trusty Sansculottes.

'Tis this that seethes before his eyes ;
And see, Camille and Robespierre rise,
And Danton with his lion strength—
A stool and table serve for stage—
He too, transfigured by his rage,
Pale Passion's self made man at length.

And this the sea whose breakers oft
His passion's furious blast has stirred,
O'er which he daily launched aloft
His storm-tost danger-daring bird,
The " People's Friend "—through hail and rain
Its grey leaves fluttered forth amain,
Like sea-mew's flight the waves above,
To rouse and warn and stab and sting,
And yet to seek one only thing,
The olive branch of peace and love.

'Tis Marat ! Yes, the great, the good !
The noble Tribune ! Yes, 'tis he !
Hunted by hate through waste and wood,
He rests him by the Norman sea.
Mistrusted, cursed, pursued with shame—
'Tis past, he has renounced his aim ;
The way he wends with woe is dark ;
To England will he cross the wave,
Though heart-break hunt him to the grave,
All's one—there lies the smugglers' bark.

The anchor rises through the foam ;
He springs on board : " Now, sailors, speed ! "
One single look toward his home—
That strong soul bows like broken reed !

He signs them weeping to the strand,
He cries, " Put back, put back to land !
And shall the child its mother shun ?
Come what come may ! " He falls to earth,
To kiss the land that gave him birth ;
" O Revolution, take thy son ! "

And now, his foes upon his track,
And now, through woods and fields astray,
The traitor's knife behind his back,
Home, home, the long and lonely way !
And he must hide in standing corn,
And creep through hedge and thick-set thorn,
Till—whence with penalty and pain
The city drave him forth yestreen—
He burst again upon the scene,
And enter Paris once again.

What is it he goes hence to meet ?
Ah yes, his fate is fixed ; we know
What destiny will dog his feet—
First August tenth must come and go ;
Convention then, and Terror's reign,
And then a king amongst the slain
To scaffold haled from guilty state ;
The Girondins on guillotine,
Then Charlotte's knife-thrust sheer and keen—
See there ! he goes to meet his fate.

FREE PRESS.

FIRMLY to his fellow-workers, "Mates," the master-printer said,

"Lo, to meet to-morrow's signal, nothing need we now but lead—

What, while here the type is handy! March to-morrow in your sets,

But to-night for ammunition melt your metal alphabets!

"Melting-pots are here in plenty, stoves replenished, coals renewed;

Locked are all the doors that no one may by evil chance intrude.

Come and set to work at once; let each man do his best to-night,

That our freedom's manifesto may be brought at last to light."

Straight he throws a case of letters in the furnace at his feet; Bubble "diamond" and "long primer," melted in the fervent heat;

Bubble "Romans" in the brazier, here "italics," there "brevier,"

Sturdy type that needs no more the Censor of the Press to fear.

Poured into the moulds for bullets hisses high the metal then—

Through the livelong autumn night are working twenty
honest men ;
Deep they breathe among the cinders, melt, and rake, and
stir about,
Till to smooth and heavy bullets all the type is melted out.

Packed away in bags and baskets lies the stock upon the
ground,
Ready to be used at dawn, and hot and scalding handed
round :
Sooth, a stirring morning journal ! Ne'er have critics seen
before
Such a stern and bold defiance pass the poor old office door.

Lo, the master folds his hands, and knits his brow, and
speaks again :
“ That it must be force and warfare causes all true workers
pain.
Yet, since nothing else is left—no other means—no other way,
Only in the shape of bullets can our type be free to-day.

“ True it is that Force shall fail, that Truth shall crowned
and conquering smile ;
But they trod her underfoot, and flung her into durance vile.
Well, so be it ! Down the musket let the ramrod drive ye in,
E'en with that composing-ruler ready still to fight and win !

“ Fiercely fly against their forces ; pierce their frowning
castle walls ;
Sing a stinging song of freedom, hurtling through their high-
built halls ;
Smite the slaves, and slay the hirelings ; give an honest
ounce of lead
To the fool who drew the wrath of *this* free press upon his
head !

“ Homeward to the true free press returning after strife and strain,
Soon from corpse and wreck and ruin we will dig ye out again;
Shape ye into sharp-cut letters, be ye ne'er so smooth and round—
Ha! a knock upon the door! and hark! I hear the trumpet sound!

“ There a shot!—And there another!—’Tis the signal—
Tramp of feet,
Shock and sound of hoofs and horses wake and shake the sleeping street!
Here the bullets! there the muskets! Quick we go! The noise is near!—”
Hark! the rattle of the volley! Revolution’s self is here.

IN HEAVEN.

It chanced in heaven a while ago, old Fritz stood up and
slapped his thighs,
And rubbed his hands, and shook his sword, and glowered
with his piercing eyes,
Stalked up and down the shining floor, and stretched and
stiffened out his spine,
Stepped quickly up to Blücher then, and to the famous Herr
von Stein.

He signed to Ziethen to approach, and summoned Winterfeldt
by name,
To join the group of chatting lords, and Gneisenau that
instant came ;
And Schwerin hurried up as well, and Scharnhorst too, and
Keith in state,
And all the famous Prussians else, of ancient and of modern
date.

Then when they in the presence stood ; “ Deuce take it all ! ”
the monarch said ;
“ This state of things will drive me mad ; ’tis too provoking
to be dead !
Deuce take it that I cannot now be in my palace at Berlin !
’Twould be the very time for me—ha ! isn’t that the fact,
Schwerin ?

~~~~~  
“ I'd make the most of such a chance ! But not as autocrat  
again !

No, no, my lords, another age brings other methods in its  
train.

I lit myself too large a light, too much of fruit my actions  
bore,

To let me now play o'er again the very part I played before.

“ Nay, all I did, and all that made my deeds of weight upon  
the scene,

And all that epoch of events beginning with the year  
'thirteen,

Would merely my foundation be—broad-based, 'tis true, and  
grand and great—

Whereon I now would firmly plant the timbers of the modern  
State.

“ But modern States want something more than treachery  
and black deceit,

And modern times ask something else than nets of lies to  
snare men's feet ;

Yea, men need something other now than empty noise of  
wordy strife—

To draw deep draughts of freer air, and live a larger, fuller  
life.

“ Poor German folk, betrayed and sold—with no one to  
avenge your wrong—

With no one to demand at last the rights withheld from you  
so long—

With no one to exact in full repayment for each broken vow,  
Tread Karlsbad under foot in scorn, and Austria's compact  
disallow !

"I'd do it! All their rotten nets I'd tear in twain with this  
right hand—  
Then equal laws, and open courts, and justice free through  
all the land,  
And everywhere free speech for all! By God, I'd carry  
through the thing!  
By God the Lord, I'd make it work, as sure as I am called a  
king!

"'Twould be a bomb-shell! What of that? Things might  
go badly for a year—  
I'd put it all to rights ere long, and work it smoothly, never  
fear!  
And if storm-clouds came rolling up, and kings in arms against  
me stood,  
A king myself, I'd face the kings, and fight them for my  
People's good.

"Then when the clouds had cleared away, we straight should  
see on every hand  
Our grand old country strong and free, one great united  
German land:  
Yea, after all the storm and stress, like Iris on a parting  
cloud,  
One bond of unity and love between the princes and the  
crowd.

"Our folk are like a noble stream! Whoe'er its danger  
boldly braves,  
Whoe'er with unaffrighted soul commits him calmly to its  
waves,  
Him will it on its bosom bear, and carry down its course with  
pride;  
The coward and the knave alone die strangled in its angry  
tide.

---

“ But me it would have borne on high—ha ! Blücher, is't not  
as I say ?

True hero of the People still, I should have won their love  
to-day ;

And then lamented died at last with all men's blessing on  
my head ! ”

The old lords acquiescent bowed : “ 'Tis true your majesty ! ”  
they said.



**BLACK, RED, AND GOLD.**

---

In secret hiding-place and gloom  
    Long time have we concealed it ;  
But now at last the day is come,  
    The day that has revealed it.  
Ha ! how the smoke is round it rolled !  
Hurrah, thou Black and Red and Gold !  
    Powder is Black,  
    Blood is Red,  
    Golden flares the Flame !

It is the famous German flag  
    That nought from us shall sunder !  
And many a scar and gash and jag  
    We yet will get thereunder.  
For though the game is well begun,  
The final fight must yet be won.  
    Powder is Black,  
    Blood is Red,  
    Golden flares the Flame !

Yes, while our maidens stitched its thread  
    With industry untiring,  
In moulds we melted down our lead,  
    And shaped our shot for firing ;  
And not 'mid dance and sound of song  
Shall that flag float above the throng.  
    Powder is Black,  
    Blood is Red,  
    Golden flares the Flame !

Not thither Freedom steers her course,  
Not there consents to tarry,  
Where men the arsenals must force,  
If swords they care to carry;  
Then brandish them with fearless face,  
Then—bring them back, and beg for grace!  
Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame!

Nay, Freedom reigns not there aright,  
Where men with all submission,  
Instead of arming them for fight,  
Present a fool Petition.  
God help the cowards who present  
Petitions to a Parliament!  
Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame!

Is't Freedom, do ye then suppose,  
To let your rights appear  
Mere acts of favour from your foes,  
Who yield to nought but fear?  
Or still to let the men ye hate  
Fill all the easy chairs of State?  
Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame!

True Freedom breaks the yokes that gall,  
Lets none for justice wait.  
And offers up to auction all



The fripperies of state.  
For Freedom's universal right  
Republicans alone can fight.

Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame !

Tis thou must usher Freedom in,  
And o'er her armies wave ;  
Tis thou the final fight must win  
O'er rogue and cheat and knave.

Fly out, thou flag at last unfurled,  
With colours three to face the world !  
Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame !

Fly forth by battle to be dipped  
In thy baptismal dew ;  
And com'st thou smoke-stained home and ripped,  
Thou shalt be stitched anew.

Ha, German maidens, what say ye ?  
A famous stitching that will be.

Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame !

And he who wrote for you this song  
Upon a sleepless night,  
Would fain that it be set ere long  
To music fit for fight.

A brave musician must be found,  
Then loud shall through the land resound,  
" Powder is Black,  
Blood is Red,  
Golden flares the Flame ! "

## THE WHITE LADYE.

The White Ladye, they say, of late  
Has filled the watchers with affright ;  
Through princely halls in awful state,  
With visage veiled she walks by night.  
White-shrouded doth her form appear  
From out old pictures on the wall ;  
The watchmen stand aghast for fear  
In corridor and haunted hall.

For whom doth she on earth renew  
Visits that ceased long ages since ?  
Bodes she, as she was wont to do,  
The death of lordling or of prince ?  
It well may be—I cannot tell :  
The story goes a tale of woe  
Will call her from the depths of Hell,  
Where she abides in gloom below.

She hovers o'er the festive board ;  
By gilded cradle bows her head ;  
She sees the lady and her lord  
Sleep pillowed soft on downy bed.  
She whispers low, " Thou sleeper, rise !  
Oh, know'st thou not that men are weeping ?  
Thine ears are deaf, and closed thine eyes ;  
Alas ! I ever find thee sleeping.

- “ My son, arise ! for hark, how loud  
A cry of woe resounds afar !  
It thrills my heart beneath its shroud,  
How deep soe'er my slumbers are.  
It is the prayer that right be done  
The people utter ere they die ;  
Full well thou sleep'st, degenerate son,  
To fail to hear so keen a cry.
- “ So keen a cry it wakes the dead—  
O God ! and can the living sleep ?  
From out the grave I raise my head,  
To wake and warn thee while I weep.  
I have no rest, I have no peace ;  
O rise, and wage the noble strife ;  
There's one dead mouth that shall not cease  
To bid thee better live thy life.
- “ For sure 'twere better wide to fling  
Thy banner where the breezes wave,  
Than let the poor moth-eaten thing  
Hang ever idly o'er my grave.  
Leave robes of mouldering silk behind ;  
Seek out retainers stout and sure ;  
More warm than ermine thou wilt find  
The peasant's vest, however poor.
- “ Alas ! 'twas mine the curse to win ;  
By my ill deed was woe begun ;  
And still to expiate my sin,  
I wander where the crime was done.  
My own sweet babes in fury wild  
I did to death, ah, woe is me !  
But thou too slay'st a helpless child—  
Thy people's confidence in thee.

“Think what it is thou dost : see there !  
It lifts its helpless hands in vain :  
'Tis pleading—oh, forbear, forbear !  
Lest yet another child be slain.  
Dread thou the clinging curse of hell ;  
It weighs upon the soul like lead ;  
It sears like lightning's flame !—Farewell ;  
I turn me to my narrow bed.

“Thence can I view fair nature's woof  
Of trees and flowers and leaves and grass,  
And see thy halls from floor to roof,  
As though their thickest walls were gla'ss.  
In token true of trust unfeigned  
Let garlands round thy brows be tied—  
Oh, may they ne'er with blood be stained  
Through thy foolhardiness and pride !”

She bows her head, she wrings her hands,  
Vext with dim visions boding ill ;  
Then through the door that bolted stands  
Flits the pale ghost, and all is still.  
Faint doth her fleeting form appear  
Past ancient portraits on the wall ;  
The watchmen stand aghast for fear  
In corridor and haunted hall.

## THE PROMISED FEAST.

(Continuation of "THE WHITE LADYE.")

---

THE ghost has gone her doom to keep ;  
For who can bar a spirit's way ?  
The Baron tosses in his sleep,  
The heavy sleep ere dawn of day.  
Yet mutters he, " The People's will ?  
What she may mean she must explain.  
What ails me that I sleep so ill ? "  
And sinks into the down again.

Again she stands beside his bed,  
To fill his sleep afresh with fear,  
And whispers, leaning o'er his head,  
" What thou hast asked thou now shalt hear.  
Once in my time of pomp and pride  
I reared on high a palace fair ;  
My vassals came from far and wide,  
For all and each must do his share.

" Fair rose those walls in goodly guise,  
With arch and battlement and tower ;  
A sight to charm the toilers' eyes,  
Though all their hearts with hate were sour.  
Then spake I, ' This shall be your pay,  
Make perfect that ye have begun,  
We'll feast together on the day  
When this your bounden due is done.'

" I did what I had vowed to do—  
To break thy plighted word be loth !

Nay, let thy promise aye be true,  
And irreversible thine oath.  
Nay, since we see our stately halls  
Cemented with the People's sweat,  
'Tis right that they who rear the walls  
Their due reward at last should get.

“ Oh, famous was the feasting then ;  
No cares might host or guests annoy.  
Sure, never yet did hungry men  
So rich a festival enjoy.  
And ever after, year by year,  
We kept the feast with wine and bread ;  
Yea, all my friends from far and near  
Renewed it still when I was dead.

“ Thus did the right to feast begin ;  
Dost thou my meaning understand ?  
Son, thou and all thy kith and kin  
Have reared rich castles in our land.  
And promises full oft were given  
Of future feastings not a few—  
What wonder if the folk have striven,  
And claimed what doubtless is their due.

“ They gave thee blood, they gave thee sweat,  
Nor in thy need have said thee nay ;  
Oh, that thou would'st bethink thee yet  
Thy debt to them in turn to pay.  
Think, ere it be too late. Who knows ?  
Time brings new perils in its train—”  
In wrath the waking Baron rose :  
The Ladye disappeared again.

**THE CHANCES OF THE GAME.**

*Written when the author was an exile in Switzerland.*

---

No better chess-board than the world !  
Though square by square I have to yield,  
Though here and there my flag be furled,  
Ye cannot drive me off the field.

So is it in the noble strife  
Between the tyrants and the free,  
Blow after blow for death or life,  
And peace to neither side may be.

It seems that even here as well  
I needs must try another bout,  
That even from the home of Tell,  
The chance of chess will drive me out.

So be it. Haunts to Freedom dear  
By Norway's breakers yet remain ;  
A sound from France assails my ear,  
The clanking of her broken chain.

No exiled head has England e'er  
Asylum on her shores denied ;  
A far friend's message bids me share  
His home on bright Ohio's side.

From town to town, from State to State,  
From land to land, whate'er be fated,  
No move of Fate can give me mate,  
'Tis Kings alone can be check-mated.

---

"HAMLET."

Our German land is Hamlet. Dumb,  
And in her solemn shroud bedight,  
We see the ghost of Freedom come,  
And haunt the watchmen night by night.  
With weapon bared she takes her stand ;  
She bids the loiterer draw his sword :—  
"Avenge me thou! My death was planned,  
And poison in mine ear was poured."

He sinks upon his shaking knee ;  
He hearkens, and his cheeks are pale ;  
He will her sure avenger be—  
Unless his brave intentions fail.  
The dreamer has nor plan nor rede  
His doubts and dreams away to roll,  
And still for a courageous deed  
Is wanting a courageous soul.

And subtle scruples vex his head  
Betwixt to be and not to be ;  
Too late the loungers lies abed,  
Too fat and scant of breath is he ;  
Too much at splitting hairs has played ;  
Too long done nothing else but think ;  
Too late at Wittenberg has stayed  
To study, or perchance to drink.

He knows not what 'twere best to do,  
And must of madness make a feint,



Spins lengthy speeches not a few,  
And sets to verses his complaint.  
He swears at first the play's the thing ;  
Then thoughts of fighting fill his head ;  
But when he thinks to kill the king,  
He stabs Polonius instead.

Then dreamily he bears the blame,  
And lets them ship him o'er the foam ;  
But, spurred at last by sense of shame,  
Comes with sarcastic speeches home.  
Sharp shots of scorn does he expend,  
Talks of a king of shreds and patches,  
But as for acting—God forbend !  
Tis no such egg his brooding hatches.

Till, pledged to keep his solemn pact,  
He draws his sword for fierce affray ;  
But ah ! 'tis in the final Act,  
And only serves himself to slay.  
Among the foes his dying hate  
Has hurled in frantic fury down,  
He falls, and Fortinbras in state  
Comes clanging in to clutch the crown.

Not yet are we so far, God knows—  
Through four Acts have the players stept ;  
Then have thou heed that at the close  
The fatal likeness be not kept.  
To thee, thou hero, turn we still ;  
O drive away the dreams of night,  
And help by thy determined will  
The ghost of Freedom to her right.

Up ! all her wrongs at once retrieve ;  
Make all her foemen bite the dust ;  
Strike home, ere thou thyself receive  
A foully poisoned rapier's thrust ;  
Ere comes again, to drive thee out,  
A Northern host with fife and drum ;  
O have good heed—I greatly doubt  
If it would now from Norway come.

Resolve but once ! Thy course is clear ;  
Go forth to battle stern and strong :  
Think on thine oath ; away with fear,  
And take revenge for Freedom's wrong.  
Must dull delay eternal be ?—  
Yet dare I blame thee, ancient schemer ?  
I too, thy son, am one with thee,  
Thou endless loiterer and dreamer !

### PRESS CENSORSHIP.

---

Old tales of bygone ages tell  
That hangmen rude and rough  
Have hurled their rope and axe to hell,  
And cried, "It is enough :  
The ghost of Murder haunts our bed,  
Knocks nightly at our door ;  
Yourself your traitors may behead,  
But we'll behead no more."

When will the people dare to say  
To high placed hangmen here,  
No more shall they have leave to slay,  
And put our scribes in fear ?  
When will they tell the rascal knaves,  
Whate'er be sold and bought,  
Our bodies though they sell for slaves,  
They shall not chain our thought ?

Nay, never—may the cur that claims  
To mutilate our verse,  
And wield the pen that mars and maims,  
Be crippled with our curse !  
For whosoe'er with guilty hands  
Would thought's free range control,  
Attempts to bind in impious hands  
That Holy Ghost the soul.

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And if the soul indeed has sinned,  
The soul ye cannot slay :  
Come, point your pikes against the wind ;  
Bid cannon clear the way !—  
Nay, throw your ink-pots on the sand,  
Your scissors in the sea ;  
Henceforth shall none in all our land  
A Censor dare to be.

### "FOR A' THAT."

---

A famous heat we had in March,  
In spite of snow and a' that :  
Though summer suns the meadows parch,  
Tis cold in June for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
Berlin's revolt and a' that,  
A nasty numbing winter wind  
Is freezing us for a' that.

Reaction's bitter blast is blown  
With mildew, blight, and a' that :  
King Capital is on his throne,  
And sits secure for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
Blood-guiltiness and a' that,  
He sits secure, and treads us down  
Beneath his feet for a' that.

The arms, that gave us 'tother day  
The victory and a' that,  
They're taking quietly away,  
With pike and blade and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
In spite of rights and a' that,  
'Tis we must lose our swords, and lay  
Our guns aside for a' that.

Our hearts are high with hope, God wot,  
And all aflame for a' that :

In every breast sits anger hot,  
And keeps us warm for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
All's one to us for a' that :  
We shrug our sides ;—" A nasty wind,  
But nothing worse for a' that."

If Parliament should play the fool,  
Professor-wise, for a' that ;  
Or if the De'il the roast should rule  
With hoof and horns and a' that ;  
For a' that and a' that,  
In spite of knaves and a' that,  
Right well we know the People's Cause  
Shall triumph yet for a' that.

Then cram your mortars more and more  
With lumps of lead and a' that ;  
We hold the ground we held before,  
Nor yield a jot for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
What though ye prove, for a' that,  
Far craftier yet than e'er of yore,  
'Twill help ye nought for a' that.

Then tread us underfoot, and be  
The upper class and a' that :  
No gentlefolk, but men are we,  
The man's a man for a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
Ye'll make us slaves and a' that ?  
Slaves ?—Nay, Sirs, we shall yet be free ;  
The world is our's for a' that.

**A GREETING IN HEAVEN.**

*On the Death of the Daughter of Jordan when separated from her  
Father by his Imprisonment.*

---

Heavenward flew the spirit of a maiden,  
Gently wafted on the wings of fate,  
Still a child, nor sin, nor sorrow-laden—  
Entered shyly through the golden gate—

“ Lo, see there ! Who comes ? The patriot's daughter ! ”  
Up rose all the noble German dead :  
Countless glorious faces turned and sought her,  
Countless lips their gracious greeting said.

Came that freedom-loving soul sedately,  
Seumè, bay-crowned with poetic fame ;  
Schiller came with words of welcome stately ;  
Hutten, Schubart—all to greet her came :

Looked on her with half-concealed compassion ;  
Welcomed her with words of tender grace ;  
Earnest gazed in silent questioning fashion  
On the smile that lit her tearful face.

Downward then she bent her eyelids trembling,  
Trembling stood, till sudden, ere she wist,  
Tears of anguish, spite of all dissembling,  
Filled the eyes her father—had not kissed.

Seumè clenched his hand with stern decision ;  
Schubart's soul with fierce regrets was torn ;  
" What is freedom but a dreamer's vision ? "  
Muttered Schiller full of bitter scorn.

Then spake Seumè, " Maiden, calm thy passion ;  
Death, thou knowest it, can make him free :  
Let them rivets, let them fetters fashion—  
Free with free men shall thy father be.

" Free with us, a guest but not a stranger,  
One more martyr for our fatherland,  
Yea, a beacon light that those in danger  
Hail with eager heart and lifted hand.

" Proudly shall he rest who well hath striven,  
When death cometh. Pray that he may die.  
Nay, my child, no rest but death is given  
Those brave souls who strive with tyranny.

" Him to dungeons, me to a far Edom,  
Hunted erst the self-same tyrant crew.  
Heard'st thou not how, seeking only freedom,  
Seumè once to foreign shores withdrew ?

" Pray thou therefore that his life's sad story  
'Neath the grass-grown grave at last may cease.  
His shall be the martyr's meed of glory—  
Jordan's daughter, pray and be at peace."



### A SONG OF DEATH.

---

ON the hills he stands in the dawning red,  
With his sharp sword drawn in his sinewy hand—  
I am Death who enfranchise the heroes, he said,  
When they die for mankind and their own dear land :  
Not he who comes gently at dead of the night,  
And the weary at rest for eternity lays ;  
Nay, but he that stalks fierce through the thick of the fight,  
And the youth in his triumph triumphantly slays.

'Neath the glorious tent of the clouds as I pass  
I make thin with my shadow the warrior's ranks,  
When I hurl them down headlong to die in the grass,  
On the pavements of stone or on moss-covered banks.  
O 'tis grand in the battle to welcome its brunt,  
And 'tis brave in the frenzy of fighting to die !  
How they lie with their scars and their wounds in the front,  
And their blood-besmeared faces a-stare on the sky !

Thus they lay o'er the land from the North to the South,  
Where the dark forest waves or the fair river flows,  
Staining all the pure streams from their source to their mouth,  
The defenders of Freedom shot down by her foes.  
Thus they lay who in April had followed their fate,  
Far and wide o'er the land in their hundreds they lay :  
Now beneath the long grasses they peacefully wait  
Till their graves be made bright by the roses of May.

Is it roses alone that May brings for her boon ?  
Is it song that she breathes on her balmier breath ?  
Nay, 'tis hurtling of shot and the trumpeter's tune,  
Din of battle, and Me, the enfranchiser, Death !  
For from tyranny's chain ye must shake yourselves free,  
Lest the gold on your banner that loftily waves  
A mere badge of your shame and your servitude be,  
Yea, the guilt that disfigures the trappings of slaves.

For the year forty-eight has arrived and is here,  
And ye cannot postpone it, do all that ye may ;  
And the lightning and thunder and storm that ye fear  
Even now are approaching to sweep you away.  
See flash upon flash out of cloud upon cloud,  
As in thunder the bolts of God's anger are hurled !  
By the breath of his mouth the dark heavens are bowed,  
As he clears of corruption this rotten old world !

He has sent me himself. Yes, I came in the spring,  
And with turmoil and tumult and terror I ride,  
As I chill the brave hearts with the shade of my wing,  
Bring to nothing their triumph and trample their pride.  
Thus I ride o'er the ranks of the fighters and slay,  
With the incense of anguish and joy in my breath,  
Till the sunrise make perfect the dawn of the day—  
I must on ! Ye have seen the enfranchiser Death !

## LEIPSIC, 1845.

*Written when the Author was an exile in Switzerland.*

---

SHE came across the lake in widow's weed  
Of folded crape, as is her wont, like death :  
The willow bowed before her, and the reed  
Was shaken at the passing of her breath.  
I saw her come through mist and gathered gloom,  
And at my desk I sat me down to write ;  
Her shadowy form was present in the room,  
And darkly loomed upon my awe-struck sight.

“ I am the Night of St. Bartholomew ;  
My feet are blood-stained, veiled in cloud my head :  
Again at bidding of a princely crew  
Fresh victims have been added to my dead.

“ Ha ! how the roofs were rolled in murky cloud  
That night of blood three centuries ago,  
When from his window firing on the crowd  
The famous Charles had leant him forward low !  
Yea thence—most Christian king that e'er was crowned—  
He hounded on the scoundrels in his pay,  
Till foully murdered on the reeking ground  
The noblest Huguenots in their hundreds lay.

I am the Night, etc.

“Less blood to-day than then the slayer sheds ;  
‘Yet’ screamed the grape-shot hurtling o’er the scene,  
‘The victims fall—what matters counting heads ?  
All’s one if thirteen hundred or thirteen.’  
The triggers snapped when princes gave the word ;  
A cry of ruth went up from all mankind ;  
The people shrieking fled ; the hirelings heard,  
And shot them down like cowards from behind.  
I am the Night, etc.

“Their foes forsooth have said, ‘It served them right !  
What reason had the rascals to rebel ?  
How dared the knaves resist us in our might,  
And smash the royal chandeliers as well ?  
All honest folk to righteous wrath were stirred :  
What ! the glass rattled on the ground like rain !’  
It may be. But I never yet have heard  
That men must mend with blood a broken pane !  
I am the Night, etc.

“They had already fled ! Yet though they fly,  
The grape-shot overtakes them as they go.  
Yes, flying folk and helpless passers-by  
The royal troops with royal lead lay low.  
Face downward there a woman and a child  
Lie dead—O sight to make the heart-strings ache !  
Why clench thy fist in helpless fury wild,  
Thou homeless poet by the fair Swiss lake ?  
I am the Night, etc.

“Why should I tell thee of the funeral weeds ?  
The Dead March sounds ; its deep-toned notes complain ;

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Slowly from every house of woe proceeds  
A coffined corpse, dark banners in its train.  
Black-robed the mourners follow like a flood ;  
In every eye the starting tears are seen ;  
No more shall Leipsic lose the stain of blood,  
Nor aught avail to wash her pavement clean !  
I am the Night, etc.

“ Man hath a voice : the midnight should be dumb !  
And yet I cry aloud, Shall nought atone ?  
Upon man's head the ancient curses come ;  
The fault is with the faith of kings alone.  
O German land, wilt always hug thy chain ?  
What cruel wrong thy faiths and kings have done !  
And wilt thou still a helpless child remain,  
Nor let one link be loosed from thee—not one ?  
I am the Night, etc.

“ Yet here no scoff beside the up-turned sod !  
Quench thy soul's thirst at thine own sacred spring.  
Hew out as best thou may'st thy way to God—  
Yet if to God, what wilt thou with a king ?  
Nay, wake ! Bethink thee of that royal wight  
Who shot his subjects down in ancient time !  
Farewell ! I go to haunt the Priests to-night,  
Fit heirs of those who fathered first my crime !

I am the Night of St. Bartholomew ;  
My feet are blood-stained, veiled in cloud my head :  
Again at bidding of a princely crew  
Fresh victims have been added to my dead.”

TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
GEORG HERWEGH.



## TO THE SINGERS.

Proud boast is yours ! no gold on earth  
As your gold harp rings half so true ;  
No prince is placed so high by birth  
That ye for him must service do.  
If ye his dateless death decree,  
No marbles keep his memory long ;  
The richest crimson men can see  
Is blood that ye pour forth in song.

The fame of princes fades away,  
How high soe'er 'tis puffed by slaves ;  
It falls and dies the self-same day  
That they lie quiet in their graves.  
No more their thunder-tones are heard ;  
'Tis very silent where they lie.  
Ye singers, speak but one stern word,  
And it shall wake the world for aye.

The bird that broods in lowly nest  
Sees heaven above, and knows no fear :  
While nature's splendours o'er her rest,  
She trusts no danger can be near.  
In splendid state, to awe the crowd,  
Kings proudly play their pompous part :  
Ye have more title to be proud,  
Throned high within the People's heart.



Are not the meadow grasses pearled  
With dew like sparkling diamond spread ?  
Shines not above this pleasant world  
An arch of glory overhead ?  
And prize we not the fruitful vine,  
Whose tendrils clasp the roof of straw,  
Above the ivy leaves that twine  
Round forts that fill the folk with awe ?

O rise to realms of purer air,  
Ye singers, like the soaring lark ;  
More ample freedom find ye there  
Than in the palace or the park.  
The love that lives in lowly cot  
May everywhere full well be found ;  
And when ye tie your true-love knot,  
Let not your love in chains be bound.

To serve the People be your pride,  
And lead them on to glorious fight ;  
When they lie wounded, at their side  
Keep watch and ward the livelong night.  
And if fair Freedom's banners reel,  
And foes in triumph flood the plain,  
Then strongly grasp the sharpened steel,  
Though all your harps be snapt in twain.

THE BIRTH OF LISA'S CHILD.

---

Along dark streets, with tottering tread,  
Poor Lisa hastes—'tis winter wild,  
And she has neither home nor bed  
Wherein to bear her first-born child.  
She sees in many a lamp-lit hall  
Late revel laughing sleep to scorn—  
Haste, Lisa, to the hospital ;  
'Tis there the poor men's sons are born.

“Thy father, child, may toil and slave,  
But oh, what good to slave and toil ?  
Beg thou a cradle or a grave,  
Thy only birthright in the soil.  
My child, thy fatherland is fain  
Thy unborn life with shame to blight ;  
Have patience till the house of pain ;  
'Tis there that thou shalt see the light.

“They bless to-night in festive fashion  
The God who took the poor man's part,  
And yet no touch of true compassion  
Finds entrance at their stony heart.  
No tears of pity ever fall  
For outcasts homeless and forlorn ”—  
Haste, Lisa, to the hospital ;  
'Tis there the common folk are born.

“ Much trouble shall I have for thee,  
Thou child of love, my darling child ;  
Thy country's son thou yet shalt be,  
Though on thy birth she has not smiled.  
For lords' and princelings' tender nerves  
The softest lint to shreds is torn ;  
The hard bare plank our childbed serves ;  
'Tis thus the People's sons are born.

“ Were trumpets sounding in my ear,  
And our red banner waving high,  
That flag should be for thee, my dear,  
Thy swaddling clothes wherein to lie.  
Baptismal dew should on thee fall,  
Though no priest poured it on thy head ”—  
Haste, Lisa to the hospital ;  
'Tis there the poor are brought to bed.

“ What is't, my darling, thou dost crave ?  
Oh wait awhile ; the night is wild :  
I see, I see the heroes' grave ;  
Thy country there will own her child.  
For Freedom's friends who fought so well  
That column fronts the reddening morn ”—  
Down on its steps she fainting fell ;  
'Tis thus the People's Sons are born !

## TO THE TAME-SPIRITED.

Ye who in winds that softly steal,  
Your Master's footsteps trace ;  
To whom old ocean's smiles reveal  
The splendour of his face ;  
Ye have the boon your hearts desire,  
Then give ye thanks, and let me go :  
When wildest winds in storm respire,  
Or, Moses-like, in flaming fire  
Would I the Lord God know.

Let whosoe'er loves warmth and sun,  
Lie down before his door ;  
Loud thunder I prefer for one,  
White lightning, wild uproar.  
I feel it thrill me through and through,  
The passion of the angry sky :  
I fain would hurl a spear or two,  
I fain would whet a sword, and do  
A deed before I die.

I long no more on flowery banks  
To dream away my life,  
But in the foremost fighters' ranks,  
To thunder through the strife ;  
No more to wander 'neath the moon,  
No more to sit at ease and write ;

Nay, rather in war's hottest noon  
I fain would hear the trumpet's tune—  
O give the word for fight !

O let your lyre's soft music be,  
And only strike the drum ;  
The singer surely should be free,  
The slave should still be dumb.  
Let Freedom's watchword far and near  
From warrior on to warrior go ;  
And thou that dost that watchword hear,  
Draw, draw thy sword, and drive thy spear,  
And lay thy foeman low.

### SONG OF THE GERMAN BROTHERHOOD OF LABOUR.

---

Said Wealth to Toil, " Pray thou, but labour too ;  
And—time is money—let thy prayers be few.  
Pale Hunger always hovers o'er thy head,  
Then let thy prayers be short, for time is bread."

Ye sow and reap, and plough the furrowed field,  
Your heavy hammers evermore ye wield ;  
Unwearied still ye weave and stitch and spin ;  
Then say, ye People, what reward ye win.

At loom and shuttle day and night ye sit ;  
Dig coal and metal deep in darksome pit ;  
Fill high rich plenty's overflowing horn  
With earth's best gifts of wine and oil and corn ;

But where is then your rich reward, and where  
Your gala garment and your festal fare ?  
Where the home-comforts of your bed and board,  
And where the shining of your sharpened sword ?

All these are fashioned by your arm alone,  
And have ye nought that ye may call your own ?  
Of all ye forge does nought indeed remain,  
Nought but the links and rivets of your chain ?

The links and rivets of a chain whose rings  
Your bodies bite and gall your spirit's wings,  
Whose clank your children all too early learn  
To know—ye People, this is that ye earn.

The spoils that ye from gloom to light of day  
So hardly bring, your master takes away;  
And all the gay bright colours that ye weave  
Are nought but curses to your limbs that cleave.

The homes your hands have builded, and the halls,  
To you no shelter give within their walls;  
And men the latchet of whose shoes ye tied  
Still tread you down in insolence of pride.

Ye human honey-bees, has Nature taught  
Ye how to store your sugared sweets for nought?  
The drones around ye buzz with idle wing:  
Have ye been plundered of the power to sting?

Ye sons of labour, up! awake! arise!  
Learn all the virtue in your strength that lies.  
The world's great wheels and works refuse to go,  
Unless your stalwart arms the force bestow.

Pale grow your proud oppressors in their fear,  
If ye, o'erweary of your evil cheer,  
Refuse for once to plod behind the plough,  
And cry, "Enough! We'll toil no longer now."

O break at last your double yoke in twain,  
And burst asunder slavery's iron chain;  
Cast off the servitude of Want and Need,  
For bread is Freedom, Freedom bread indeed.

## A MIDNIGHT WALK.

I wander, when the world is all asleep,  
At midnight through the quiet streets at will.  
How loudly did these sleepers laugh or weep  
A few short hours ago ! Now all is still.  
Their joy is like a poor plucked flower foredone ;  
Their fullest cups have ceased at last to foam ;  
Their troubles have departed with the sun ;  
The world is weary, let it dream of home.

How all my fretful anger fades away,  
Now the loud tempest of the day is o'er ;  
The moon sheds softly her forgiving ray  
On roses ruined by fierce suns before.  
Swift as a sound, and silent as a star,  
Lit by the pale moon's visionary gleam,  
My spirit, conscious of no earthly bar,  
Can see through sleep's most inly secret dream.

My shadow creeps behind me like a spy ;  
I pause before a dismal dungeon den ;  
In chains a patriot is doomed to lie ;  
Alas ! he loved too well his fellow men.  
He sleeps—and does he dream of happier things ?  
Of oak leaves waving o'er a woodland stream ?  
Dreams he that Victory folds him in her wings ?  
O God of Freedom, let him always dream !



Gigantic looms the palace of a lord ;  
My spirit sees behind its purple curtain,  
How one in sleep is clutching at a sword  
With look of guilty fear and grasp uncertain.  
Pale is that face with fright and helpless wonder ;  
He harnesses for flight his swiftest team ;  
He falls to earth ; the earth is burst asunder—  
O God of Vengeance, let him always dream !

That cottage by the brook—small is its space ;  
Virtue and Hunger share the peasant's bed ;  
But God has granted to the poor man grace  
To quench in dreams the cares that crowd his head.  
He sees the fields through eyelids slumber-furled  
Grow ripe and rich with harvest's golden gleam ;  
His narrow cottage widens to a world—  
O God of Pity, let the poor man dream !

At this last house, upon the bench of stone,  
One moment I must rest in earnest prayer ;  
I love thee true, my child—nor I alone—  
My love with Freedom's shalt thou ever share.  
A dove-drawn cradle bears thee to the skies ;  
For me wild coursers champ and foam and steam ;  
I dream of eagles, thou of butterflies—  
O God of lovers, let my darling dream !

Thou star, that shinest through the cloudy haze,  
Thou night in pall of deepest purple furled,  
Too soon O let me not awake to gaze  
On that sad face of the dawn-wakened world.  
For fancy's dream to daylight's deed must yield ;  
On tear-drops sparkles the sun's earliest beam ;  
Freedom to Tyranny resigns the field—  
O God of dreamers, let us always dream !

### DARE TO BE FREE.

---

My people, hearken, 'tis the drum ;  
Let wrath sweep all thy fear away ;  
Dare to be free, whate'er may come,  
If only for a single day.  
And if, before the stars shine out,  
Thy foes defeat thy helpless right,  
Their triumph shall be turned to rout ;  
At even thou shalt win the fight.

For no august permission stay,  
Or marriage rite—how gladly he  
Who loves, would throw his life away, -  
One hour with his true-love to be.  
And he who chains is forced to wear,  
And long in dungeon den to lie,  
For one free breath of open air  
Would gladly give his life and die.

Though cowards's croaking tongues be heard,  
Foreboding danger, doom, and death,  
Above their wise prophetic word  
We prize bright honour's lightest breath.  
Hark, 'tis the loud last call of fate ;  
The night is near, day's flags are furled ;  
Yet once more in thy man's estate  
Stand up and face the wondering world.

One moment give thy lords the lie,  
Thy slavish state one moment spurn,  
And tell thy cruel destiny  
Her tyrant reign is not eterne.  
Shake off thy evil dreams, and see  
What vintage thrives on Freedom's root;  
Awake, and pluck from off her tree,  
Ere it be rotten-ripe, the fruit.

Thy locks the morning breezes wave,  
New lightnings greet thy waking eyes;  
From out thine immemorial grave  
In giant strength at last arise.  
Oh hearken, 'tis the distant drum,  
Let wrath sweep all thy fear away;  
Dare to be free, whate'er may come,  
If only for a single day.

## THE HEATHEN.

In time of Greek and Latin  
What merry days they saw !  
Yes, they were men of satin,  
And we are men of straw.  
Sometimes a bull, 'gainst all the rules,  
Bore off a girl—yet, credit me,  
The heathen were not half such fools,  
Not half such fools as we.

They, though their wits might slumber,  
And often seem to nod,  
Called four an even number,  
And counted five for odd.  
And maidens married were by men,  
And blushing brides were crowned with flowers,  
Although the marriage service then  
Was not exactly ours.

Their manners were not formal ;  
They did not talk by rote ;  
They fought in ways abnormal  
With ne'er a scarlet coat ;  
Had no police—how truly sad !—  
Took wine in preference to tea ;  
But jolly times those heathen had ;  
The heathen, yes—but ye ?

Achilles, no, nor Hector,  
We must perforce acknowledge,  
Nor e'en the learned Rector  
Who taught their sons at College,  
Knew how to read a printed book,  
However wisely they might talk ;  
And not a single mortal took  
For exercise a walk.

The clergy in their borders,  
They led a blameless life ;  
No priest in holy orders  
Might win his neighbour's wife.  
To tyrants they were hardly fair,  
Preferring mostly to be free.  
How sensible those heathen were ;  
The heathen, yes—but ye ?

Those heathen—though ill-savoured  
Their ways to us appear,  
The silk they spin is favoured  
By many a Christian here.  
Then sing, Long live the heathen pack,  
And long live all the deeds they do,  
Their Homer with his beggar's sack,  
And their Republic too !

## AMNESTY.

Their lips may smile—there's treachery thereunder,  
Vain will the sunshine of their false face prove;  
Not mine the ears to dread their threats and thunder,  
Not mine the heart their flattery can move.  
Beware, beware! the gifts that seem so gracious  
Are nought but pretexts their true aims to shield:  
The ground once won we'll hold with grip tenacious;  
Our Guards know how to die, but not to yield.

In beds of roses Freedom may be strangled,  
When tyrants dare not throttle her with chains;  
Yes, give the people in your snares entangled  
Joy's poisoned bread that deadens soul and brains.  
They are an-hungered—for their good behaviour  
Reward of rich provision is revealed:  
We thirst—then drink we deep to Death our Saviour;  
Our Guards know how to die, but not to yield.

Hark there! the cage-door on its hinges rattles,  
The cage-bird flutters forth as best it can.  
So many an ancient comrade of our battles  
Is now a weary, worn-out, broken man!  
Fine are the flowers that crown ye: yet 'tis pity  
The thorn of tyranny is there concealed:  
God knows ye ask no tyrant to acquit ye:  
Our Guards know how to die, but not to yield.

The foolish folk give kiss and adulation,  
And praise their princes with earth-grovvelling soul :  
So be it : we work out our own salvation ;  
The courtier's gilded heaven is not our goal.  
Let slaves rejoice court favour to be winning ;  
We know a flag that ne'er will quit the field :  
Forward, brave hearts, the fight is but beginning !  
Our Guards know now to die, but not to yield.

Why, what should be forgotten and forgiven,  
When no sin craving pardon has been done ?  
For many a prize we still have strained and striven,  
No stain pollutes the prizes we have won,  
Well might we proffer peace in milder manner,  
Let Freedom's Charter be but signed and sealed.  
Ye hesitate ?—So be it. Hoist our banner.  
Our Guards know how to die, but not to yield.

So Time decrees, demanding tongues of fire,  
And storms that shut Love's vision from our view,  
Yet while to die for Freedom we aspire,  
We win a garland for our true-love too.  
When streams of grace from smitten rocks have broken,  
And all men's loud applause to heaven has pealed,  
Then shall our true-love's boast be softly spoken,  
“ My love knew how to die, but not to yield.”

## POOR OLD JACOB.

Yes, poor old Jacob died last night ;  
At early dawn they took his measure ;  
Made him a coffin ere 'twas light,  
And laid therein the treasure.

A plain abode ! They place above  
A soldier's grave, a soldier's sword ;  
Could not these thrifty souls for love  
A beggar's staff afford ?

Sword-like that staff his life defended,  
His flag of woe that ne'er was furled,  
Until the final stroke descended,  
That took him from the world.

No happy home his woe beguiled ;  
Twelve souls did one small room encumber ;  
Scant welcome found each new-born child,  
That added to their number.

His body is removed, his name  
Forgotten with his doughty deeds ;  
No poet celebrates his fame,  
No priest his death-mass reads.

The pence that at his feet were thrown  
From coaches by bejewelled hand,  
Were all the wealth that he might own  
In this his native land.



They whose high fortunes here are made,  
Still promised him a home on high :  
'Tis thus the People's debt is paid  
In drafts upon the sky.

'Twas not enough, as he could tell,  
That 'neath the yoke his back must bow ;  
The stamp of slavery as well  
Was scored upon his brow.

They confined him with ne'er a shroud,  
Yet sleeps he sound his boards between ;  
No prince shall rise, however proud,  
Whose linen shall be clean.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Oh great Lord God, and shall the links  
Of thy long chain grow longer ?  
Stretched earthward out from heaven methinks  
It scarce can still be stronger.  
Yet poets to the old year must  
Be sputtering rhymes again,  
To tell how one more link has just  
Been added to the chain.

Chain ! Oh thou metaphor of woe,  
Abhorred of every nation !  
What cruel God rejoiced to throw  
Thy rivets round creation ?  
That he may still his stars on high  
In order due sustain,  
The symbol of eternity  
Must ever be a chain.

Can all the coil of mournful years  
Not move thee to compassion ?  
Tak'st thou the tribute of our tears,  
But one more link to fashion ?  
Shall none be found mankind to bless,  
And put an end to pain ?  
Shall Freedom's followers still grow less,  
While longer grows thy chain ?

Star-gazing many a sleepless night,  
I oft have hoped and wondered  
If now at last, in fate's despite.  
Men's fetters might be sundered.  
But deep my hopes were doomed to sink,  
And still are on the wane,  
Or do but add another link  
To thy still-lengthening chain.

Oh Lord, be merciful at last,  
Ere all our days be finished ;  
And grant that with the year that's past  
Our fetters be diminished.  
Let time refuse to bear its freight,  
Let loss be turned to gain ;  
Remit for once the deadly weight  
Of thy eternal chain.

Take thou away the evil thing  
That our free growth prevented ;  
Let this last link for bridal ring  
To Freedom be presented.  
Oh lend thine ear to this our moan ;  
Let not our cry be vain ;  
Let earth's oppressors, Lord, alone  
Be fettered in thy chain.

Yes, thou hast heard. I lift mine eyes,  
New stars shed heavenly healing ;  
I see new temples round me rise ;  
Free nations there are kneeling.  
Deep thunder greets the dawning day ;  
I hear a harp's refrain—  
Hush ! now the angels strike away  
The last link of the chain.

## A SUMMONS.

Tear the crosses from the graves ;  
'Tis the sword alone that saves ;  
    God forgives the deed ye do.  
Leave, oh leave your rhyming trade ;  
Steel on anvil must be laid—  
    Steel shall bring us safely through.

All your oaks and all your pines,  
Freedom's sacramental signs,  
    Have ye kept them guarded well ?  
Nay, they shall not perish ; nay,  
Though their resurrection day  
    Cost a journey down to hell.

Foolish folk, believe your seers ;  
Now draw on the iron years ;  
    Steel shall play the foremost part.  
All our current coin shall be  
Death, and each gay sight we see  
    Red as is a bleeding heart.

Tear the crosses from the graves ;  
'Tis the sword alone that saves ;  
    God forgives the deed ye do.  
Hearing it as loud it hisses,  
While the cross the anvil kisses,  
    He will give his blessing too.

Till we Freedom's triumph see,  
Let nor feast nor wedding be,  
Let no harvest gild the plain.  
Yea, till Freedom's fight be won,  
Let no child beneath the sun  
Wear a smiling face again.

O'er the city walls let Night  
Reign, till Freedom from her height  
Come to cheer this sorrowing land.  
Till in Rhine reflected gleam  
Freedom's banners, let his stream  
Lose its way in wastes of sand.

Tear the crosses from the graves ;  
'Tis the sword alone that saves ;  
God forgives the deed ye do.  
In the fight with lawless lords  
Priests are we, and e'en our swords  
Shall have consecration due.

## THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH.

---

Each singer must sing  
The song he loves best :  
Henceforth there shall ring  
But one cry from my breast,  
To praise thee alone  
Whom none may impeach,  
Thou philosopher's stone,  
Thou right of free speech.

Have ye never yet heard,  
Have ye never been told,  
The articulate Word  
Was the Godhead of old ?  
And before they can make  
In our fortress a breach,  
From our tongues they must take  
The right of free speech.

Our Cause we defend ;  
We have counted the cost ;  
But our fighting must end  
If our armour be lost.  
From the East to the West  
When our enemies reach,  
The weapon that's best  
Is the right of free speech.

Alas, it grows dark,  
And the night will be long ;

But in place of the lark  
Comes the nightingale's song.  
Descend from your height,  
Ye singers, and teach  
The people to fight  
For the right of free speech.

Set your eagles to fly  
Abroad in the world,  
And let them not lie  
With their idle wings furled.  
Chase the ravens away  
Out of sight, out of reach ;  
We shall yet win the day  
With the Right of Free Speech.

### THE SONG OF HATE.

---

Up, comrades, arm ye for the strife ;  
The red dawn summons us abroad ;  
One last kiss to the trusty wife,  
Then gird ye on the trusty sword,  
Our hand shall clasp and hold it fast  
Till we be numbered with the dead.  
We've had enough of love at last ;  
Oh let us learn to hate instead.

Love cannot drive our foes away,  
Love cannot ease us of our pains ;  
Let hatred hold her Judgment day,  
And burst asunder all our chains.  
Let tyrants quake and stand aghast,  
And seek in vain to hide their head ;  
We've had enough of love at last ;  
Oh let us learn to hate instead.

Whose heart soe'er beats true shall swear  
To make his hate his only aim ;  
Dry fuel find we everywhere  
To feed the fury of our flame.  
And ye whom Freedom's life makes glad,  
Cry out to them that are as dead,  
" Enough of love ye long have had ;  
Oh learn at last to hate instead."



We'll fight against the deadly weight  
Of tyranny the wide world o'er,  
Till holier shall be our hate  
Than ever was our love before.  
Our hand shall clasp the sword-hilt fast  
Till we be numbered with the dead ;  
We've had enough of love at last ;  
And hate shall be enthroned instead.

---

A PRAYER.

---

Breathe, O God, the breath of tempests through this stillness  
of the grave,  
Sound a deep Dead March for Freedom, no mere idyll of the  
slave;  
Warm with throbbing blood the pulses of this poor old  
chilly world;  
Rouse to battle her avenger, though his banners now be  
furled.

If our foes deny us freedom on our hearth and in our home,  
Let us find, at least to die in, some green island o'er the  
foam,  
There at least to die rejoicing in the free and open air,  
Watering with our wounds the blood-red roses in the grave-  
yard there.

Let us drink but once again from Freedom's sacramental  
cup;  
Build a shrine where we our choicest gifts may gladly  
offer up;  
Clear for us a place of meeting, one free space of open  
heath—  
Prisoned close our trusty swords have long been weary of  
the sheath.

Out alas! for Freedom's storm has passed us by and left us  
slaves;  
Lo, the golden ship of hope that like a cradle o'er the waves

Steered with sound of song to usward, and such ample treasures bore,

Rots a wreck black-stoled and shrouded, like a coffin on the shore.

Must the people still surround this rotten wreck with useless cries?

Shall the force of all their fury fade away in empty sighs?

Sounds there never through their sorrow resolution's thunder-tone?—

Not so long do tyrants loiter ere they cross their Rubicon.

Think ye then that peace and quiet will ensure your happiness?

War at worst can only slay ye, peace will slay ye none the less.

What though in the wild war-struggle hearts may throb with fiercer heat,

On the frozen fields of Russia Freedom's pulses cease to beat.

If your plants ye do not water, they will die in choking dust,  
If ye never draw your swords, their blades will ruined be by rust;

Now and then a vein to open all for Freedom's sake were good,

Lest your tyrants falsely swear that ye are weak for lack of blood.

But and if the men be cowards, earthward bending still their brows,

Hear our voice at least, ye women; wreathe a sword in myrtle boughs;

Hide a sword in myrtle branches; since, meseemeth it, if ye

Fail to fight with us for Freedom, never will the world be free.

### A PATH TO FREEDOM.

---

Borne backward by the battle's brunt  
The People struggling stand ;  
There steps a soldier to the front—  
His sword is in his hand—  
Commends to God the child and wife  
That here on earth he leaves,  
And through the thickest of the strife  
A path to Freedom cleaves.

True knight of old romance was he,  
The thunderbolt of fight :  
Would God that even I might be  
So valiant-souled a knight !  
To rush into the strife and die  
Upon the foeman's spear,  
And still with dying lips to cry,  
" A path to Freedom's here ! "

Alas 'tis vain ! I stand alone ;  
Ye tyrants may rejoice ;  
For how can I assail your throne  
With my most feeble voice ?  
The foolish folk who might be free  
Are forging chains instead ;  
And none are left who dare with me  
In Freedom's path to tread.

H

**COLD COMFORT.**

---

Yes, thou shalt live and see good days ;  
Eternal joys shall crown thy head,  
'Mid happy homes of prayer and praise ;  
But—thou must first be dead.

Thou shalt from star to star ascend,  
Thyself a star, too, at their side,  
In spheres of bliss that knows no end ;  
But—thou must first have died.

Thou shalt, like Brutus once, be free,  
Like Brutus when the Tarquin fled ;  
Yea, all thy chains shall fall from thee ;  
But—thou must first be dead.

When knaves in hell's hot pits are laid,  
Good angels shall thy footsteps guide ;  
Thou shalt be kissed and not betrayed ;  
But—thou must first have died.

What gain to wrecks on rocky shore  
That storms are hushed and clouds have fled ?  
Larks do not sunward long to soar,  
Claw-clutched by hawks, and dead.

---

### THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

---

The cry for bread from hearts that bleed  
Goes up in every nation :  
In this half Europe bitter need,  
In that half sheer starvation !  
Crops fail, and taxes press full sore  
Upon the poor man's shoulders ;  
But one thing waxes more and more,  
The multitude of soldiers.

And debt increases fast as well  
To pay for warlike trifles,  
Powder and cannon, shot and shell,  
And new repeating rifles.  
Still gape the Governments for gold  
To get them guns and raiment ;  
The poor for pay are bought and sold,  
The rich pick up the payment.



TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
HEINRICH HEINE.



**" P O M A R E . "**

---

**I.**

ALL the Cupids in my breast,  
All the little Love-gods there,  
Cry aloud, and will not rest,  
" Hail to our great Queen Pomare ! "

Not the Queen of isles Pacific ;  
Nay, a Christian convert she ;  
Mine is turbulent, terrific,  
Fierce, impetuous and free.

Twice in every week she prances,  
Where her worshippers may view ;  
In the public gardens dances  
Polkas, and the Cancan too.

Majesty in all her paces !  
Every inch a Queen by right !  
Bounteous glimpses of her graces  
Dazzle each beholder's sight.

Let her dance—but in my breast  
All the little Love-gods there  
Cry aloud, and cannot rest,  
" Hail to our great Queen Pomare ! "

## II.

She dances. How her body glides !  
What grace her every movement guides !  
Such raptures through the gazers thrill,  
Their beating hearts they cannot still.

She dances. When she shows her charms  
By whirling round with outstretched arms,  
Then stands erect on pointed toe,  
My sense and reason reeling go.

She dances. 'Tis the self-same dance  
In Herod's sight did gleam and glance,  
Before his fair niece paused for breath  
With lightning in her eyes like death.

She'll dance me mad ; my brain's on fire ;  
Speak, girl, what is't thou dost desire ?  
She smiles : ha ! slaves, the doom is said ;  
Go smite me off John Baptist's head !

## III.

Yesterday, to earn her food,  
Danced she where thick mud was strewed ;  
But to-day in carriage proud  
Rides she through the common crowd ;  
On the silken cushions there  
Lies her raven length of hair.  
Seated high she scorns to greet  
Folk that trudge with weary feet.  
Ah, when thus I see thee ride,  
Pity needs must pardon pride,

Woe is me ! another day  
Thou wilt ride a drearier way  
To the hospital, where death,  
Foul of form, will stop thy breath,  
Students then with greasy hand,  
Fain thy fate to understand,  
Thy fair body will inspect,  
All thy lovely limbs dissect ;  
And thy steeds, for fate is hard,  
Yet will tread the knacker's yard.

## IV.

Nay, the plot has been amended ;  
Kind is Fate that seemed so dread ;  
God be thanked, thy life is ended ;  
God be thanked that thou art dead.

Yes, the attic was thy mother's,  
Where thou lay'st in woeful wise ;  
Her kind hand, and not another's,  
Was the hand that closed thine eyes.

Bought a shroud to deck thee duly,  
And a pillow pure and clean ;  
Though thy train of mourners truly  
Was a trifle poor and mean.

Not a priest his presence lent ;  
Not a bell for thee might stir :  
By thy bier none other went,  
But thy dog and hair-cutter.

"Often have I combed her hair,"  
Sighed he, "hair that reached her knees,  
As she sat before me there—  
Black locks o'er her white chemise."

For the dog—with much misgiving  
From the churchyard door he goes ;  
He will find a famous living  
Later on with Mistress Rose.

Mistress Rose, who once for spleen,  
When she first from Provence came,  
Grudging thee thy name of Queen,  
Did her best to blast thy fame.

Poor lost Queen, whose crown of clay  
Graced—as such crowns can—thy head,  
By God's loving hand to-day  
Thou art saved, for thou art dead.

As thy mother, so thy Father  
Now takes pity on thy state ;  
This, methinks, he does the rather,  
Since on earth thy love was great.

IN THE ATTIC.  

---

THE night-wind rushes overhead,  
And whistles through the attic old ;  
There lie two starving souls abed,  
And shivering with cold.

The one the other did bespeak,  
“ If thou wilt fold me in thine arm,  
And press thy cheek against my cheek,  
The cold will do no harm.”

And then the other made reply,  
“ What matter hunger, cold, and care,  
When I may look into thine eye,  
And see the love that’s there ? ”

They kissed each other, and they wept,  
And sighed and talked, their care to kill,  
And laughed and sang before they slept,  
And then lay very still.

There came a coroner to see  
The room next day, and certified  
By help of a renowned M.D.,  
What death those two had died.

“ The bitter weather, I suspect,  
With want of food,” his worship saith,  
“ Has either been the cause direct,  
Or hastened on their death.

“ When frost sets in, the best of friends  
Are blankets to preserve our heat,  
And my good doctor recommends  
Sound, wholesome food to eat.”

1649. 1792. P P P.

---

THE Britons' behaviour was hardly the thing  
That it ought to have been, when they killed their king.  
Not a wink of sleep could his majesty get  
On the night ere he paid his final debt ;  
For still through the window there rang in his ears,  
The noise at his scaffold, the taunts and the jeers.

And even the Frenchmen were scarce more polite :  
In a four-wheel cab and a pitiful plight  
They carried king Capet to meet his fate,  
And allowed him no coachman or carriage of state,  
Which a king by the rules of the old etiquette,  
Whene'er he goes driving, ought always to get.

But a still more unqueenly, undignified part  
Had the fair Antoinette, for she rode in a cart ;  
And in place of her ladies-in-waiting she got  
For her only companion a rough Sansculotte.  
The widow of Capet thrust out in her scorn  
The thick lip with which ladies of Hapsburg are born.

But Frenchmen and Britons have never been blessed  
With a scrap of good-nature : good-nature's possessed  
By the German alone, who good-natured remains  
When the worst and the reddest of Terrors reigns.  
The German would always his Majesty treat  
With the utmost respect, as is proper and meet.

In the grandest and royallest chariot-and-six,  
Where to the sad servants black trappings affix,  
With the coachman flooding the box with his tears,  
Will a German monarch one of these years  
From all that might ruffle his feelings be screened,  
And with loyal politeness be guillotined.

R A T S !  

---

There are two sorts of *genus* Rat,  
One famished and the other fat :  
The fat ones stay content at home ;  
The famished ones are forced to roam.

Right on o'er stocks and stones and stiles  
They wander many a thousand miles,  
And ever onward keep their track ;  
Nor wind nor weather drives them back.

O'er heights and hills their way they take,  
And swim thro' stream and sea and lake ;  
There sundry sorts of death they find ;  
The living leave the dead behind.

These hungry wretches have, I ween,  
As hideous snouts as e'er were seen,  
And close-cropped hair like bristles too—  
A scurvy rascal roundhead crew.

These sad rat roundheads have not heard  
Of any God one single word :  
Their brood go unbaptised to school,  
And free love is their usual rule.

They are too sensual to think,  
And care for nought but meat and drink,  
And know not, crouching in their holes,  
That they have got immortal souls.



These rascal Radicals of rats  
Fear neither hell nor even cats :  
Gold have they none, goods very few ;  
They fain would share the world anew.

These famished rats, O sound of fear !  
Are at this moment drawing near.  
I hear their squeaks ; and who can tame  
Their hosts ? for legion is their name.

Alack the day ! we are undone !  
They through the gates already run.  
The Mayor and Corporation, too,  
Wag heads, but know not what to do.

The citizens must stand to arms :  
The priests ring bells and sound alarms ;  
'Tis feared the holiest right of all—  
The right of Property—will fall.

Not Mayor, nor Councillor, nor Priest,  
Nor clang of bells can help the least ;  
Not all the thunder of your guns  
Can save ye now, ye foolish ones.

In vain your eloquence ye try ;  
Palaver's time has long gone by.  
No rats are caught with wise decrees ;  
They bite their way thro' words with ease.

Their empty bellies may relent—  
But to no other argument  
Than logic based on soup and fish,  
With extracts from each dainty dish.

A silent herring fried in fat  
Will soothe the wrath of any rat,  
Far better than a Mirabeau,  
Or all the rest since Cicero.

## THE WEAVERS.

Their eye-lids are drooping, no tears lie beneath ;  
They stand at the loom, and they grind their teeth ;  
“ We are weaving a shroud for the doubly dead,  
And a threefold curse in its every thread  
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ A curse for the Godhead to whom we have bowed  
In our cold and our hunger, we weave in the shroud :  
For in vain have we hoped, and in vain have we prayed ;  
He has mocked us and scoffed at us, sold and betrayed—  
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ A curse for the king of the wealthy and proud,  
Who for us has no pity, we weave in the shroud ;  
Who takes our last penny to swell out his purse,  
While we die the death of a dog—yea, a curse  
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ A curse for our country, whose cowardly crowd  
Hold her shame in high honour, we weave in the shroud ;  
Whose blossoms are blighted and slain in the germ,  
Whose filth and corruption engender the worm—  
We are weaving, still weaving.

“ To and fro flies our shuttle—no pause in its flight—  
’Tis a shroud we are weaving by day and by night ;  
We are weaving a shroud for the worse than dead,  
And a threefold curse in its every thread  
We are weaving, still weaving.”

### QUESTION AND ANSWER.

---

Leave your parables and phrases,  
Leave your pious "if" and "an";  
Here's a question well-nigh crazes  
My wits—solve it if you can.

Why must true men crawl like sinners  
Footsore, sorry, sick and sad,  
While aloft like glory-winners  
High on horse-back ride the bad?

Who's to blame? Is he, whose bridle  
Guides us, all too weak of limb?  
Can it be that he is idle?  
Oh, that would be mean of him.

So we keep on logic-chopping,  
Till with earth for good and all  
Our poor mouths receive their stopping—  
Who can that an answer call?

HEINE'S RETURN HOME.

---

Keen blew the wind, I well remember,  
And dreary was the day,  
'Twas in the mournful month November,  
I went my homeward way.

But when I to the border came,  
My beating heart grew stronger,  
And I confess it to my shame,  
My eyes were dry no longer.

For when I heard the German tongue,  
Strange feeling caught my breath,  
As though my heart were all unstrung,  
And bleeding fast to death.

A maiden sang and touched her harp ;  
Her tender words rang true ;  
And though her notes were something sharp,  
Her singing filled me through.

She sang of love that brings but woe,  
Love's loss and love's repayment,  
When sorrows of this world below  
Are changed like outworn raiment.

She sang of earthly woe and pain,  
Of joys that turn to dust,  
And bliss above that ne'er again  
Can ruined be by rust.

The old renunciation song,  
That clangs from every steeple,  
Wherewith they soothe the sense of wrong  
That stirs the foolish People.

I know the tale the preachers tell,  
I know them all and each ;  
They love their wine in secret well,  
While water's praise they preach.

Nay, with a newer, nobler strain  
My heart, good friends, is swelling ;  
On earth already I would fain  
Build up our heavenly dwelling.

All earthly joys shall be its dower ;  
And we shall starve no more ;  
No more shall idle knaves devour  
The toiler's hard-won store.

Good food for all abounds on earth,  
And dainties not a few,  
Roses and myrtles, love and mirth,  
And ducks and green peas too.

Green peas for all, a rich supply,  
When spring-time swells the pods ;  
Then let us leave the empty sky  
To sparrows and to gods.

And when we're dead, if wings are placed  
Upon us, up we'll rise,  
And pay them visits there, and taste  
Their holy cakes and pies.

A better tune is now begun,  
Like fiddle or like flute :  
The Miserere's moan is done,  
The tolling bells are mute.

The maiden Europe is betrothed,  
Betrothed by Freedom's kiss,  
Embraced in Freedom's arms and clothed  
In ecstasy of bliss.

Though ne'er by priest the knot be tied,  
A true-love knot is their's ;  
Long live the bridegroom and the bride,  
And all their future heirs !

A sacred marriage song is mine,  
Its notes are strange and new ;  
My soul is lit by stars that shine  
On consecrated dew.

Weird stars through mystic mazes spin,  
And shed their flaming shower  
I feel a wondrous strength within  
A more than mortal power.

For since on German soil I trod,  
New life thrills every vein—  
The giant knows his native sod,  
His strength returns again.

### A PROCLAMATION.

---

WE, the Lord Mayor and Corporation,  
Do sign the following proclamation  
To all and sundry 'neath our sway :  
Let each good citizen obey.

“ Strangers and foreigners of late  
Have sown rebellion in our State :  
Thanks be to God such knaves as those  
Are almost always foreign foes.

“ Free-thinkers mostly too ; and why ?  
Whoever dares his God deny,  
Will probably ere long refuse  
His fellow men their legal dues.

“ Both Jew and Christian, we decree,  
Must venerate the powers that be,  
At dusk all business is to stop ;  
Let Jew and Christian shut his shop.

“ If two or three together meet,  
They must not loiter in the street :  
Let none be ever seen at night  
Outside their doors without a light.

“ His sword and gun let each and all  
Pile presently in our Guildhall ;  
His powder too, and every case  
Of pistols in the self-same place.

---

“ Who argues in a public spot  
Shall be incontinently shot ;  
And arguing too by looks and signs  
Is punished with the heaviest fines.

“ 'Fore all things trust your magistrate,  
Who piously protects the State  
With wisest word and best endeavour :  
'Tis your's to hold your tongues for ever.”



**A WARNING.**

---

Such books as thine must not be sold ;  
Thou art but lost, my worthy friend :  
For dost thou seek renown and gold,  
Thou first must teach thy back to bend.

'Tis clean against the rules that things  
Like these be writ for men to see,  
About the Peers and Priests and Kings,  
And all established Powers that be.

My worthy friend, thou art but lost ;  
Long arms have Princes, it appears ;  
Long tongues the Clergy to thy cost ;  
And all the People long, long ears.

TRANSLATIONS  
FROM  
SUNDRY SONG WRITERS.



SONG OF LABOUR.

---

Where'er the eye its glance may throw,  
Where'er in earth's most pleasant places  
The glories of the sunshine glow,  
Rich gifts lie strewn in Labour's traces.  
'Tis Labour sows the seed, and finds  
The wealth of Autumn's golden treasure,  
And shapes the whirling wheel that grinds  
Our daily food's abundant measure.

Then high aloft be borne her banner,  
Where through fierce foes she wins her way,  
Where heaven's free breezes freely fan her,  
'Tis Labour still that gains the day.

She delves the mine to forge her swords,  
Though ne'er so deep the ore be lying ;  
Builds palaces for living lords,  
And shapes their coffins for the dying.  
The iron rails that link the lands,  
The ships that o'er the wave are driven,  
Are wrought by Labour's mighty hands ;  
To her be all the glory given.

Then high aloft be borne her banner,  
Where through fierce foes she wins her way,  
Where heaven's free breezes freely fan her,  
'Tis Labour still that gains the day.

She works and weaves while others rest ;  
Has nought for roof but heaven above her ;  
For others spins their silken nest,  
With scarce a rag her limbs to cover ;  
Provides the robes that Pleasure wears,  
With want and misery around her ;  
And knowing not her strength, she bears  
The chains wherein her lords have bound her.

Yet see ! The dawn for day gives token ;  
The mists of night disperse and die ;  
Her chains at length are burst and broken,  
And Labour's triumph lasts for aye.

ANDREAS SCHEU.

## THREE THINGS NEEDFUL.

Freeborn Man, whose Godlike aspiration  
Fills thy soul with high and heavenly thought,  
Thou canst quaff the fountains of creation,  
Thou canst gaze on Godhead undistraught.  
Yet without thy passport thou art nought at all ;  
Freeborn Man, with thee no beast would change his stall.

Freeborn Man, whose heart so high aspires,  
All this bright world's glory may'st thou see ;  
Thou may'st satisfy thy proud desires,  
Through all space may'st wander and be free.  
Yet without thy purse, thou must thyself allow,  
Freeborn Man, a sheep is worth far more than thou.

Freeborn Man, tie thy fur cap securely,  
Lest thy toothache make thee howl for pain ;  
Nay, forget not thine umbrella ; surely  
Thou wilt need it in this pouring rain.  
Weather still shall more than purse or passport be ;  
Freeborn Man, farewell ! and, if thou canst,—be free !

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

## THE TALE OF SILESIA.

*[The starving Silesian weavers, having in their despair made insurrection against their taskmasters, were reduced to order by the rifle bullets of the Prussian troops.]*

---

THEY sat upon the benches,  
The table round about ;  
Each thirsty soul he quenches  
In mighty ale his drought.  
They knew nor care nor sorrow ;  
Their hearts were glad and gay ;  
No past and no to-morrow  
Might trouble their to-day.

They sat till, mild and mellow,  
The summer night drew near,  
Full many a sturdy fellow  
Of York and Lancashire.  
The oak-tree's broad-branched glory  
Deepened the growing gloom :  
They let me tell them the story  
Of the German weavers' doom.

Then while the shadow darkened,  
The tale did I repeat ;  
Silent the strong men hearkened ;  
Then sprang they to their feet.  
They stared like men astounded,  
With clenched fists every one ;  
Valley and hill resounded,  
" Silesia, well done ! "

GEORG WEERTH.

IN THE ALE HOUSE.

---

Mine ancient host in Lancashire,  
He turns a tap of tasteless beer.  
He taps it daily ; but, be sure,  
He taps it only for the poor.

The wretched folk in Lancashire,  
They come to taste his wretched beer,  
They come in boots that split in two,  
They come in coats that are not new.

The first that speaks of all the pack,  
It is the pale-faced quiet Jack ;  
He sadly says, " Whate'er I've tried,  
The luck has ne'er been on my side."

Says Tom, " Full many a year since I  
First learned to weave has now gone by.  
My woollen cloth the rich folk share,  
But I must rags and tatters wear."

And Bill goes on, " With weary hand  
I drive the plough through English land,  
And see the crops to harvest grow,  
While I to bed must hungry go."

Says Sam, " From pits and stifling holes  
Ben daily digs his load of coals—



His wife and new-born babe beside  
Of cold—God damn it all—have died.”

And Jack and Tom and Bill and Sam  
Cry all with one accord “God damn!”—  
That night on bed of down, I deem,  
A rich man dreamt an evil dream.

GEORG WEERTH.

## THE CANNON-FORGER.

The dew is spread abroad on earth,  
The larks their song have done—  
The poor man's wife has brought to birth  
The poor man's son.

And soon his sinewy arms are strong ;  
His step the work-shop shakes ;  
The anvil rattles with the song  
His hammer makes.

He probes the fiery furnace-deeps,  
And opes their iron bars,  
Till out the molten metal leaps,  
And scatters stars.

And many a cannon does he mould,  
That battle-ward must go ;  
Their thunder o'er the billows rolled  
Affrights the foe.

Full wide their bolts of death and flame  
From iron throats are hurled ;  
Their jaws, to spread old England's fame  
Lay waste the world.

And still the yoke of toil he bears  
Unwearied, till at length  
Old age comes creeping unawares,  
And saps his strength.

But when his hands can toil no more,  
The cruel word is said ;  
They thrust him from his master's door  
To beg his bread.

He goes—but in his angry soul  
He hears, like sullen moan,  
The guns his hands have fashioned roll  
Their thunder tone.

He slowly speaks, “ The time is near,  
Ye thrice accursed crew—  
The guns, that put your foes in fear,  
We'll turn on you.”

GEORG WEERTH.

## THE STORMY NIGHT.

As black as pitch is the stormy night ;  
The trees bow down in the shower ;  
O'erwhelmed by the terrible whirlwind's might,  
Down topples the tall church-tower.

Down crashes the cross, and smashes the shrine,  
And crushes the coffins below ;  
The Gothic arch and its tracery fine  
Storm-split to the ground must go.

Crash arch and altar in thunder down ;  
Scarce one stone is left on another ;  
A child awakes in the startled town,  
And speaks in fear to its mother :

" Dear mother I dreamt such a dreadful dream,  
As I lay just now in my bed ;  
Dear mother, to me in my sleep did it seem  
That the great good God was dead."

GEORG WEERTH.

**THE HUNDRED MEN OF HASWELL.\***

---

The hundred men of Haswell  
Died all on a single day ;  
They died in the self-same hour,  
For the same doom swept them away.

And when they came to be buried,  
There came to the burial too  
A hundred women of Haswell,  
A pitiful sight to view.

They came and they carried their children,  
Came each with daughter and son ;  
“ Now give us, thou rich Lord of Haswell,  
The wage the dead workers have won.”

Thereat the rich owner of Haswell,  
He did not deny or delay ;  
But he counted each dead man's wages  
For the whole of the working day.

And when he had paid them the wages,  
The box where his money he kept  
He locked and he barred and he bolted—  
The women departed and wept.

GEORG WEERTH.

---

\* In the coal mines at Haswell in 1848 a hundred men lost their lives. The verdict of the coroner's inquest was “ Visitation of God.”

## KEEP THY WORD!

If thou thy word hast pledged to keep,  
Where revellers are drinking deep,  
Or in grave council—keep thine oath,  
Man's honour stands in plighted troth.  
Then keep thy word.

If thou to thy true-love hast said,  
“ I'll come to thee ere day be dead ; ”  
Then though thy troth o'er ice and snow,  
O'er flood and mountain bid thee go,  
Yet keep thy word.

Or if to Freedom thou hast sworn  
To break the chains of folk forlorn,  
Though gallows and a martyr's death  
Be all the meed she offereth,  
Keep thou thy word.

Yea, trusted troth alone can be  
The bond of love and harmony ;  
For broken vows are blighted bloom,  
Love's sudden death, and friendship's tomb :  
Then keep thy word.

Yea, have thou heed thy word to keep,  
Though daggers pierce thy bosom deep ;  
That all thy coward foes in fear  
From dying lips thy boast may hear,  
    " I keep my word."

But have they forced thee erst to swear  
Thy whole life long in peace to bear  
The yoke of priest and prince and lord—  
Then rend in twain their threefold cord,  
    And break thy word !

J. P. BECKER.

A SWABIAN BALLAD.

---

In the pious and happy Swabian land  
Peace and Plenty go hand in hand.

On the slopes of its hills the corn and the vine,  
Fill storehouse and cellar with wheat and wine.

And hundreds of Barons and Counts live there,  
And Pastors with sheep that they have in their care.

And Progress is counted an excellent thing,  
And they praise the Lord God and their Lord the King.

At Stuttgart the people can go to the play,  
Or hear what their orators have to say.

And soldiers of all sorts swarm in the place,  
And numberless lackeys in orders and lace.

Its Letters and Arts are a great success,  
And its trade and its traffic succeed no less.

In the midst of all this Swabian glory  
There happened the following sad sort of story.

For there lived in the town a certain sinner  
With five children and nothing to give them for dinner.

And their hopeless cries for a morsel of bread  
Made something go wrong in the poor man's head.



But one long night, as he lay awake,  
A terrible plan did this poor man make.

In the morning he sent his wife out of the way,  
And he sharpened a jack-knife his children to slay.

And he laughed like a madman to think of the fun,  
And piously prayed that God's will might be done.

To his brats who slept all in one blanket he went,  
And his knife through the throat of the youngest he sent.

And he gave the second its death, and the third,  
And the fourth—though it struggled—with never a word.

And his hand in his madness he did not stay,  
Till dead in its blood his fifth child lay.

Then round him he looked in horror and dread,  
And uttered a terrible curse, and fled.

But they caught him, and fettered his hands and his feet,  
And it made for the lawyers a regular treat.

To the children's grave came a priest, and he  
Was e'en as pathetic as ever could be.

For his text was the ruffian's desperate case,  
And God's loving-kindness and infinite grace.

JOHANNES SCHERR.

FREEDOM.

---

Nay, Freedom is no high-crowned queen  
With golden-broidered tresses ;  
In tatters is the hussy seen,  
In rags her form she dresses.  
She sits not throned in council chair,  
Where words for deeds are taken ;  
By weary ways must Freedom fare,  
Of all her friends forsaken.

No Lady she in silks bedight ;  
With roses none have crowned her ;  
Nay, when she leads her love to fight,  
A poor man's arm is round her.  
She ne'er is ranked among the Saints ;  
And though ye all may blame her,  
'Tis common blood her cheek that paints,  
And none shall noble name her.

LUDWIG PFAU.

## THE WEAVERS.

*(From an Employer's point of view.)*

---

THE weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
'Tis but too evident to all,  
On them alone the blame must fall.  
Its truth the ancient proverb keeps,  
That what a man has sown he reaps.  
Instead of grumbling they should weave ;  
Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
Their love of show we must condemn ;  
Fine clothes are not the thing for them.  
What can they want with cloth ? A smock  
Is fittest for a weaver's frock.  
Instead of swaggering they should weave ;  
Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
Why must they beer and meat require ?  
They ought to curb such ill desire.

'Tis said that simply salt and bread  
Will make the cheeks a healthy red.  
Instead of guzzling they should weave ;  
Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
Their Saturdays come all too soon,  
When work is thrown aside at noon :  
O'erjoyed at once they haste away  
To spend their long half-holiday.  
Instead of idling they should weave ;  
Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
'Tis morning work that wins the wealth ;  
Men find in early rising health.  
Much earlier, then, they ought to rise,  
And ope at four a.m. their eyes.  
Instead of snoring they should weave ;  
Less cause would then be theirs to grieve.

The weavers' lives are full of woe—  
But what's the cause that makes them so ?  
We'll make another slight request—  
Four hours are quite enough for rest ;  
What mean the lazy rascals, then,  
By sneaking off to bed at ten ?  
Till twelve o'clock they ought to weave ;  
No cause would then be theirs to grieve.

ADOLPH SCHULTS.

### CONTENT.

---

My dear good People, be content ;  
    Howe'er in this bad world ye fare,  
The lot in life that God has sent  
    Like Christian soldiers ye must bear.  
For if ye still your Lord obey,  
The world will wag its ancient way ;  
    No gift that God on earth has sent  
    Can e'er be better than content.

And if ye get no work to do,  
    And if your shirts are torn and old,  
And if ye starve and shiver too,  
    And ache with hunger and with cold,  
Bethink ye, 'tis not all on earth  
Can share its happiness and mirth :  
    Nay, these are to the wealthy sent ;  
    The People's portion is content.

The purse is throned as lord and king  
    Of all this glorious German land ;  
And if ye dare complaints to bring  
    Against it, ye must understand  
Ye shall but win you lock and key :  
So is't, so must it always be.  
    Then let your heads be humbly bent ;  
    And, dear good People, be content.

And have ye lost your little all,  
Or are ye crushed by others' crime,  
Still dreading what shall next befall?  
Bethink ye, 'tis but for a time.  
Nay, let them do the worst they may,  
Ye still can sing, ye still can pray.  
Howe'er your days on earth be spent,  
One thing ye still may keep—content.

Content shall be my one delight,  
Content shall all my glory be ;  
In tatters and in rags bedight,  
No nobler virtue can I see.  
And if in rags and tatters old  
I die of hunger and of cold,  
Write o'er my grave, " This good man went  
And died at last of sheer content."

ANON.

## THE POLICE.

Where three men meet together,  
There some detective dolt  
Sees signs of evil weather,  
And noses out revolt.  
At once he runs them in,  
Lest louder grow the din ;  
And 'tis his duty still to prove  
'Tis he who makes the world to move.  
Long live the good Police,  
Our dear friends the Police !

If e'er a mortal sneezes,  
And things are looking grave,  
Straight by the ears he seizes  
So manifest a knave ;  
And if he sneezes twice,  
Arrests him in a trice,  
Before the scamp can sneeze again ;  
The sign for fight's a sneeze, 'tis plain.  
Long live the good Police,  
Our dear friends the Police !

At every nose red-coloured  
He stares with ill-intent ;  
Well knows the merest dullard  
An outrage may be meant.  
And more, a red-nosed face  
May mark a meeting-place—

---

Then off with it to prison straight,  
Before it undermine the State.  
    Long live the good Police,  
    Our dear friends the Police !

Then let no knave's suggestion  
    Disturb your Christian peace,  
Or call the acts in question  
    Performed by our Police.  
And if they step behind you,  
Be calm and let them bind you ;  
And think, " E'en this is, not amiss ;  
A famous Institution this ! "  
    Long live the good Police,  
    Our best friends the Police !

ANON.



AN IDYLL.

---

A bull of pedigree and name  
From out his stall one morning came,  
And just at reddening dawn of day  
Went strolling down the king's high-way.

His heavy horned head he sinks,  
And walks and ruminates and thinks;  
Of late the brute has waxed so wise  
That he can e'en philosophise.

Thus he, surveying field and wood,  
Finds almost all things very good;  
But well-nigh wild with rage is he  
To watch the sunrise o'er the sea.

Such cattle's wrath is ever stirred  
By aught that's red, we oft have heard.  
The red reflection in his path  
Drives this beast nearly mad with wrath.

Exasperated on the shore  
He stands, and nought can do but roar—  
E'en louder though he snort and stamp,  
The dawn will scarce for him decamp.

Too hot with fury boils his blood—  
He butts his way into the flood.  
That bull was drowned—but here we see  
Yet many more such brutes as he.

ANON.

## CRADLE SONG.

Soft, soft and deep,  
My darling, sleep.  
Thy father spoke a fearless word,  
And cruel tyrants overheard—  
In dungeon far away lies he,  
Far far from me, far far from thee.

Soft, soft and deep,  
My darling, sleep.  
Thy father's life is worse than death,  
For shame and want he suffereth.  
His friends far off his trouble see,  
And look askance on thee and me.

Soft, soft and deep,  
My darling, sleep.  
Thy father's heart is brave and true ;  
Good hap to all such deeds that do ;  
May'st thou one day as bold and free  
As thine imprisoned father be !

Soft, soft and deep,  
My darling, sleep.  
Sleep out thy country's darksome night,  
Sleep out the term of tyrant might ;  
Sleep all our bitter woes away,  
Sleep on till dawn's our brighter day.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

**NEWS.**

---

What wonderful things the newspapers tell  
Of the land that we live in and love so well !  
What a budget of news we have this day read !  
The Countess was yesterday brought to bed ;  
And to-morrow the Earl will be coming this way ;  
And the King will perhaps come home, they say ;  
And the Emperor soon will be going away ;  
But they all will meet on a future day—  
What wonderful things the newspapers tell  
Of the land that we live in and love so well !

What wonderful things the newspapers tell  
Of the land that we live in and love so well !  
Of the outlook they give us an excellent notion ;  
A titled young man has obtained his promotion ;  
The chaplain at Court has been given an order ;  
The lackeys have lace on their legs for a border ;  
Their Lordships are leaving the town altogether ;  
And we never have had such fine spring weather—  
What wonderful news the newspapers tell !  
God bless the land that we love so well !

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

---

STILL THE SAME.

---

I would it were the final night,  
And all things at an end ;  
For hard and painful is our plight,  
And ne'er is like to mend.  
We still must labour and be poor ;  
In heaven 'twill be the same, I'm sure.

The Priest o'erhears, and soothes their fears,  
And says, " Dear children mine,  
In Heaven above is nought but love  
And joy and bliss divine.  
There is nor difference nor degree,  
But all and each will equal be."

Sir Priest, what you of Heaven declare,  
Howe'er you found it out,  
Quite equal!—nay, I still must dare  
To nurse a private doubt.  
The rest will feast, but we the poor  
Must do the thunder, that I'm sure.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

### A REMEDY FOR FAMINE.

---

There fell a famine on the land :  
They gave the king to understand  
That even in his richest town  
Had Hunger stricken hundreds down.

Now hearken in what cunning wise  
Did this same king a cure devise,  
He wrote a letter one fine day  
To every town beneath his sway ;  
And this is what the letter said,  
“ For every poor man starved and dead  
A rich man I will prisoned hold,  
And let him die of want and cold.”—  
No soul was starved in all the land,  
So speedily the rich men planned  
Their superfluities to share,  
Till all and each full well did fare.

FR. RUCKERT.

SELF-HELP.

---

“ Here, Common Folk, a bone ! Catch ! Hold it tight,  
And gnaw and worry it with all your might,  
‘ Self-help ’ the thing is called ; and, credit me,  
’Tis that alone will your salvation be.”

So cries a certain rascal knave to you ;  
Then straight make answer, “ This thing I will do :  
I’ll gnaw—for your plan tallies with my own—  
But you yourself, you hound, shall be the bone.

“ I’ll ‘ help myself ’ from you ; but first I’ll tear  
From off your face the mask of lies you wear,  
And keep the thing for ever for a show,  
With whips and screws and instruments of woe.

“ And next I’ll hurl upon the rubbish heap  
The cradle that has lulled me long to sleep ;  
And warming to my work when I’ve begun,  
I’ll help myself in far more ways than one.

“ For when I’ve set your tyranny aside,  
I’ll seek that monstrous monument of pride,  
That makes the soul of free-born man its slave,  
The high-throned Church, thought’s thousand-year-old grave.

“ One word is strong to lay its ramparts low,  
Like trump that cracked the walls of Jericho :  
Yea, Knowledge all its wonders shall contemn,  
And work new wonders by o'erthrowing them.

“ In righteous wrath with my resistless hand  
I grasp the pillars that to prop it stand;  
And shake and snap them with a giant's strength,  
Whose thousand-year-old bonds are loosed at length.

“ And ‘ Hallelujah ! ’ with a deafening din  
I shout, as idols and their shrines crash in :  
While through the crash a voice of jubilee  
Cries, ‘ Reason, prisoned ages long, is free.’

“ The cross is made my weapon ; from the shrine  
I hunt the Priests with their own sacred sign :  
Now since nigh nineteen centuries of pain  
Is He that hangs there first made glad again.

“ A surer sign of victory I bear,  
A banner red—but ‘ Peace ’ is written there :  
Peace is the sign that tyranny shall cease ;  
Yea, Revolution's self is nought but peace.

“ The earth is rocked and shaken ; marching come  
Freedom's battalions to the tuck of drum,  
And burst the barriers in her path that stood,  
Break down all evil, and build up all good.

“ The plough, that chain that bound me to my lord,  
I'll forge afresh into a two-edged sword :  
The means men's cruel craft has used so long  
To crush me down shall yet avenge my wrong.

---

“ On march the hosts with Freedom’s flag unfurled,  
Like storm, from pest that purifies the world ;  
Break Pride’s defences ; tread the traitors down ;  
Pluck off and trample on the tyrant’s crown.

“ The earth rejoices in the rising sun ;  
A gladdened world gives thanks for freedom won ;  
Oppression’s yoke lies broken at our feet—  
‘ Self-help ’ with ringing cheers we all will greet.”

L. DERWINUS.



**KING MONEY.**

---

Nay, if ye set up a king  
On the throne to glisten ;  
If ye think it more the thing  
Presidents to christen ;  
Be the rulers ye have known  
Limited or no ;  
One king sits upon the throne,  
Sits aloft and reigns alone,  
Scorning all below—  
King Money, King Money.

Kings are often tumbled down,  
Like a branch that's rotten—  
Life at once and pride and crown  
Ruined and forgotten.  
No revolt ye e'er have known  
Aught avails to sever  
This King's clutch upon the throne,  
Where he sits and reigns alone,  
Like a God for ever—  
King Money, King Money.

Nay, his doom is drawing near ;  
He, too, shall wax humble ;  
Crouch no more, ye slaves, in fear ;  
Down his crown shall tumble.

Ripe has Revolution grown ;  
Now draws on disaster  
E'en for him who on the throne  
All too long has reigned alone,  
All too long been master—  
King Money, King Money.

ADOLPHE SCHULTS.

**DRUM SONG.**

---

The troopers are marching—lo there now, a gun  
Or a sword or a banner ablaze in the sun !  
Loud rattle the carts ; they are loaded with lead ;  
Oh, gay is the nodding cockade on each head.  
The riders are curbing their steeds till they rear,  
For in order of march comes the grenadier.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

Wide open all windows that instant are thrown ;  
The beggar forgets his professional moan ;  
The tools are left idle, all work's at a stop ;  
The shopman comes hurrying out of his shop,  
And nurse-maids and servant-girls eagerly come  
To greet the fine fellows who rattle the drum.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

And proud is the schoolboy to see them go by ;  
He shouts and he tosses his cap to the sky ;  
He fancies them armed with invincible might,  
Like the heroes of Homer with squadrons in fight.  
Blow, trumpeter, blow ; and rattle thy drum,  
Thou drummer, till elbow and fingers be numb.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

The sentinel curses the rotten old box,  
Wherein he must stand like a wretch in the stocks ;  
Wherein he must linger and loiter and stamp,  
While his comrades are marching away to the camp ;  
And still as they go in a concourse are rolled  
Thick thronging behind them the young and the old.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

Ye troopers, what is't on your march that ye bring ?  
O would it were bread, and no deadlier thing !  
Of their silk and their satin the wealthy may brag,  
But we must go naked for want of a rag.  
Nay, touch not your triggers, no foe is in view ;  
Nay, beat not, ye drummers, so fierce a tattoo.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

Nay, knew ye not straightway that hunger and woe  
Had pinched the pale faces that met ye a-row ?  
Nay, load not your rifles, load only your ears  
With the heart-breaking tale of our troubles and tears.  
Nay, now ye are with us in heart and in soul ;  
At the granary gates your drum-thunder ye roll.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

Ye too have the badge of our poverty worn ;  
In the huts of the hungry like us ye were born.  
In the eyes of the masters whose yoke ye endure,  
Ye are nought but the sons of the down-trodden poor.  
At the shivering drummer they scornfully laugh,  
As he beats his tattoo on the hide of a calf.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

Nay, let the day dawn not whereon ye shall meet  
The People in arms in the blood-stained street,  
When with fiery eyes and in fury loud  
Shall come storming against you the desperate crowd;  
When armed with your swords and your sabres they come,  
And their own hands are rousing the growl of the drum.  
Trarum, Trarum, Trarum.

KARL BECK.

## TRAMPS.

With a child on her arm—and in rags—and the trace  
Of her tears and her trouble deep-scored on her face—  
A woman is standing to beg in the street ;  
Sore-distressed is her heart, and sore-weary her feet.

She totters along to the rich man's door ;  
He stands on his own soft-carpeted floor ;—  
“ See, lounging about, as they love to do,  
The rascally, idle, beggarly crew ! ”

“ Kind sir, have compassion, and give us bread ;  
On a shutter my husband came home to me dead ;  
For the terrible cog-wheel had caught him fast,  
And his ribs were smashed, and he breathed his last.

“ When still he was living, no happier life  
Than ours could be found for a man and his wife.  
O then we had clothes ; yes, and then we had bread ;  
But the terrible cog-wheel—and now he is dead.

“ Three little ones fatherless, helpless, forlorn,  
And the fourth that ere long will an orphan be born,  
All unfriended must struggle with hunger and woe,  
And it may be with infamy—what can I know ?

“ He was careless, the coroner’s jurymen state ;  
But the man in your factory met with his fate.  
I am helpless and poor, and my husband is dead,  
Have compassion, kind sir ; give his little ones bread.

“ O think of the winter—’tis now at our door—  
And pity the children. You surely have more  
Than millions of money, so rich must you be ;  
O do not be angry ; take pity on me.”

See, the heart of the rich man is touched by her woe ;  
To the drawer where his cash-box he keeps does he go,  
Gives the woe-begone woman—a guinea?—nay,  
He gives her a farthing, and sends her away.

ANON.

THE WEAVER AT HOME.  

---

Beside the loom the weaver stands,  
The shuttle in his weary hands ;

Click ! Clack !

His weary feet must do their share ;

Click ! Clack !

“ Lord God, I have no time for prayer.  
Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave,  
May every thread my curse receive ! ”

He plies the shuttle more and more ;  
His wife lies dying on the floor.

Click ! Clack !

Sore Need sits by to tend her head ;

Click ! Clack !

By famine is the blessing said.

“ Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave,  
May every thread my curse receive !

“ A curse on those that us employ—  
Ha ! there the shuttle leapt for joy !

Click ! Clack !

Who scarce can lounge their time away,

Click ! Clack !



While we must weave the livelong day.  
Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave.  
May every thread my curse receive !

“ Let that curse be for them, and this  
For Priests who prate of endless bliss ;  
Click ! Clack !  
And promise, if we starve and die,  
Click ! Clack !  
A brighter birthright in the sky.  
Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave,  
May every thread my curse receive !

“ And this for him who gives us lead  
And bullets when we cry for bread !  
Click ! Clack !  
The King by Grace of God our Lord—  
Click ! Clack !  
O would this thread were threefold cord !  
Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave,  
May every thread my curse receive !

“ A curse on those that buy the sheet.  
Or man or wife or maiden sweet.  
Click ! Clack !  
My gift of tears shall with it go ;  
Click ! Clack !  
My curse turn all their joy to woe.  
Thou linen sheet, whose woof I weave,  
May every thread my curse receive !

“ The lamp is burning dusky red—  
Thank God, my wife, thou now art dead !  
Click ! Clack !  
We weavers should some comfort take,  
Click ! Clack !  
For we ourselves the pall can make.  
Would we could weave with curse on curse  
A pall for all the universe ! ”

LUDWIG PFAU.

**BERLIN, 1848.**  
— — —

What dirge at the palace gate  
Is this that the tyrant hears?  
There are passing in funeral state  
The dead borne high on their biers.  
And mutely the citizens bring  
The carcasses one by one,  
As though they would say, Thou king,  
See here what things thou hast done.

For the young and the old lie dumb,  
Stark, blood-stained, there as they died;  
And with tears and lamentings come  
Wife, sister and brother and bride.  
Her hands each mother must wring,  
As she looks on her dear dead son—  
Lord God, all this has a king,  
All this has a great king done.

Loud threats must his Highness hear—  
The king comes down to the dead,  
And bends him before the bier  
And bares his cowardly head.

Lo, as if with a new wound's sting,  
Fresh drops from the old wounds run ;  
As though they would say, Thou king,  
See here what things thou hast done.

And the plaint that the dumb wounds make  
Is echoed anear and afar  
By those that will vengeance take,  
And the flood-tide of fury unbar.  
And the heights of the whole world ring  
With the scream of the storm begun,  
As it cries, All this has a king,  
All this has a great king done.

Ye People, your hands have a stain  
That water will wash not away ;  
Yea, brother his brother has slain,  
When a king in his wrath said " Slay ! "  
And into their grave as ye fling  
These slain men every one,  
Write large on it, This has a king,  
Yea, this has a great king done.

And their grave shall yet be the tomb  
Of the pride of the king's proud throne ;  
For each, by the ancient doom,  
Shall reap what his hands have sown.  
In blood, like a shameful thing,  
Is eclipsed old loyalty's sun—  
Thank God, this too has a king,  
This too has a great king done.

LUDWIG PFAU.

M

### THE SWORD.

---

'Tis now for many a hundred years,  
The Saviour we have prayed  
To take compassion on our tears,  
And hear, and send us aid :  
And still he turned away his brow,  
When we his help implored—  
We know another Saviour now ;  
Our Saviour is the Sword.

They told us he would break the yoke  
Of tyranny and woe,  
And heal with freedom all the folk  
Whose hearts in chains must go.  
By ruined hearths on bended knee  
We prayed with one accord—  
Another Saviour now have we ;  
Our Saviour is the Sword.

Priests point the way that we must take  
To bliss beyond the grave,  
But here on earth they strive to make !  
The soul of man their slave.  
The best of all good things below  
They fain themselves would hoard—  
Another Saviour now we know ;  
Our Saviour is the Sword.

---

For Freedom's seed in these our days  
Has now at last struck root,  
And brighter suns shed richer rays  
To ripen Freedom's fruit.  
At last shall in our belt be bound  
A steel-blade keen and broad ;  
Another Saviour we have found ;  
Our Saviour is the Sword.

HEINRICH ZEISE.

**FROM MORE TO MORE.**

---

Hear now, ye wiseacres and kings,  
Bold Hunger stalks from town to town ;  
'Tis us your whip of exile stings,  
Why hunt ye not that traitor down ?  
Though food be scarce and clothing dear,  
And still the poor man's humble store  
Grow ever less from year to year,  
Your taxes rise from more to more.

Ye lords of land and men of might,  
Your slaves indulge your every whim ;  
Let any poor man claim his right,  
Ye keep your constables for him.  
For all your remedies for ill,  
And weapons furnished forth for war,  
Are nought but constables, and still  
Their numbers grow from more to more.

Though from his hopes of golden ears  
The tiller of the soil must part ;  
Though thoughts of want and woeful fears  
Take full possession of his heart ;

Though fruits may rot, and harvests fail,  
And hunger's wolf draw nigh the door,  
Yet none the less your yearly tale  
Of soldiers grows from more to more.

Full hardly may the People bear  
The yoke that on their necks ye lay ;  
Right wretchedly they still must fare,  
Howe'er they strive their dues to pay.  
And while ye wield oppression's reins,  
Well versed in all extortion's lore,  
Your tale of penalties and pains  
Still lengthens out from more to more.

Yet nevermore shall tyrants tame  
The People's proud unresting soul ;  
Though ne'er so well ye play your game,  
Ye shall not gain your longed-for goal,  
Not your's the victor's meed of praise,  
When Freedom leads her hosts to war ;  
For even in these evil days  
Her fighters grow from more to more.

MICHEL SCHWAB.



**“GOD FORGIVE THEE—I NEVER CAN!”**

---

Three shots ring out above the trench behind the frowning  
fortress wall,  
And whoso cares to look may see another rebel's carcase fall ;  
The monks who wait on death draw near, and bow the head,  
and bend the knee,  
And murmur low in earnest prayer their solemn-sentenced  
Litany,

“God have mercy upon him !”

“Sharp sudden death has surely shut a foul blaspheming  
mouth to-day,  
Come ye and carry quick the corpse of this dead rebel hound  
away ;  
There where his widow weeping waits now make ye haste  
and carry him—  
He should have hung on gallows high, and rotted slowly  
limb by limb,  
But our Prince has had mercy.”

So speaks the king's chief murderer.—The times are really  
not so bad,  
A sword is at the scoundrel's side, the slave in uniform  
is clad ;

All silently they take the corpse that throbbed but now with  
lusty life,  
And carry that dead rebel down, and give him to his widowed  
wife.

God have mercy upon her !

Nay, woman, wherefore dost thou mourn ? nay, why so sorely  
wife, dost weep ?

Two sturdy urchins at thy side, lo, here thou still hast leave  
to keep ;

Lo, there thine aged father sits, the bloodhounds yet have left  
him free ;

They might have stamped in ruins out thy whole rebellious  
house and thee,

But the Prince has had mercy.

Alas ! on her dead husband's name his widow can do nought  
but call,

Though half-distraught with bitter woe on those two boys  
her eyes may fall.

The father sitting at her side can only cry, " My son,  
my son ! "

Then murmurs low, and grinds his teeth ere half the solemn  
words be done,

" God have mercy upon him ! "

On whom should God his mercy show ? He does not speak  
the words again,

And if of his dead son he thinks or of his Prince 'tis hardly  
plain.

Yet do we clench the fist in prayer, or do we gently fold the  
hands ?

Meseemeth it, that eldest boy the old man's meaning under-  
stands.

God have mercy upon him !

A boy with curly head it is who scarce has seen his four-  
teenth year ;  
He puts his childish toys away, and stands beside his father's  
bier ;  
A child he stands beside the dead, but 'tis a Man that turns  
away ;  
He knows his grandsire's meaning well, and loud and clearly  
doth he say,  
" God have mercy upon him ! "

The quiet eve draws on, and shuts in lengthening shadow  
all the street ;  
Soft songs are heard ; 'tis now the time when happy lovers  
love to meet ;  
Hark ! through the softer sound of song there echoes wild a  
scream of pain,  
And curious crowds from far and near come thronging  
through the streets amain—  
" God have mercy upon him ! "

Yes, " God have mercy ! " is the cry on all men's lips ; for  
bathed in blood  
Lo, there the king's chief-murderer lies—the stroke was  
strong, the aim was good !  
Ye waste your words, no questions now will him that did  
the deed reveal ;  
This mouth is dumb for ever more, 'tis death's pale hands his  
lips that seal.  
God have mercy upon him !

But there beside his father's grave beneath the gathered  
gloom of night,  
E'en now in prayer there kneels a boy whose voice is firm,  
whose cheeks are white,

“ Dear father, I have ta'en revenge ; sleep softly in thy quiet  
grave ;

Three inches of my sharp steel knife clear through thy murder-  
er's heart I drave ;

God have mercy upon him !

“ My brother soon will bigger be ; the time shall not be far  
away,

When we will serve the Master's self as I have served his  
slave to-day.

Dear father, when they struck thee down, the tyrant's blood-  
hounds little knew

That he, with one brave rebel slain, henceforth would have  
to deal with two.

God have mercy upon him ! ”

ANON.

THE OLD WEAVER.

---

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
As thou hast flown year out, year in—  
And scarce thy paltry pay could'st win.  
Yea, twice as quick though thou had'st flown,  
I still should stand and toil alone.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
'Tis now full sixty years that I  
Have seen thee hither—thither fly.  
My life will soon be at its end ;  
My misery will ne'er amend.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
With ne'er a joy from morn to eve  
I still must ever stand and weave,  
And still am poor as I was born,  
Still hopeless, helpless and forlorn.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
For now with weary hands and feet  
I do but weave my winding-sheet,  
And soon shall reach the final thread  
That e'er shall o'er the spool be sped.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
Yet all my life I could not save  
Enough to buy me but a grave ;  
A pauper's ditch will be the doom  
Shall end my earnings at the loom.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
But who's to blame that I am fleeced ?  
This patience is a stupid beast.  
Were I but young again, I swear  
The yoke no longer would I bear.

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
Then would I to my master go,  
And say, " What art thou but my foe ?  
Thou still hast reaped where I have sown,  
And with my sickle thou hast mown."

Fly, shuttle, fly !  
" Disgorge in peace thy stolen pelf,  
And weave as best thou canst thyself ;  
But if thou should'st the task refuse,  
Then force I shall be forced to use."

H. PUTTMANN.

### THE CONVICT.

---

With iron chains on neck and feet,  
And forehead earthward sunken low,  
Brown coat and uniform complete—  
'Tis thus the convict plies his hoe.  
He once, like him who walks beside,  
With rifle ready in his hand,  
Wore coat in brighter colours dyed,  
And served his native land.

For times were bad, and corn was dear,  
And hope in every heart was dead ;  
And all around there smote the ear  
The poor man's bitter cry for bread.  
" O spare a crust, that we may eat ;  
In vain we've looked for work to-day,  
And still must loiter in the street,  
And lounge the time away."

But when indeed they knew the worst,  
And prayers for bread were wasted breath,  
Beneath the rich men's feet there burst  
The mine whose womb was big with death.  
Hark, " Work or Death " is now the cry  
Through all the limits of the land ;  
Sedition's flames are raging high,  
By Famine's fury fanned.

And now the thunder of the drum  
Is heard the angry cries between ;  
The grenadiers in order come,  
Their aim is sure, their swords are keen.  
As though for sport on measured ground,  
Where marksmen strive but to excel,  
Are rifle-bullets handed round,  
Sharp hunger to repel.

And hark, a cry ! On either hand  
Dense crowds in narrow streets are pent ;  
Lo, face to face two armies stand,  
The starving and the well-content.  
See there ! that yet the People's flag  
May soar aloft and flaunt the sky,  
They hoist a torn and tattered rag  
Defiantly on high.

" Bread," cry they, " brothers, give us bread !  
Nor let your answer be a stone ;  
That we to-night no more may dread  
To hear our starving children moan.  
Put by your lead ; a single pound  
Of bread will still our sharp desire."  
Hark ! through the serried ranks resound  
The words " Make ready ! Fire ! "

The volley cracks ; the people run ;  
Five only in their blood remain ;  
Their hunger with their life is done  
An end is put to all their pain.



The colonel's eye was on his men ;  
Its glance was keen their aim to see ;  
And woe betide the culprit then,  
If any such there be.

Yes, one there was who would not do  
That murder ; what though he had worn  
A soldier's uniform, he knew  
He too was of the People born.  
His heart was beating fast for shame,  
And trembling sore his every limb ;  
The foes on whom his eyes took aim  
Were brothers unto him.

Before court-martial is he brought,  
Because, despite the soldier's creed,  
He fearlessly has felt and thought  
As though he were a man indeed.  
The doom of death is quickly said ;  
What sentence else could meet the case ?  
To prison packs him off instead  
The king's especial grace.

L. WITTIG.

WEALTH AND WANT.

---

There once was a sister and brother,  
Their name it was Want and Wealth,  
The one she was starving, the other  
Had riches and honour and health.

The one was the other's slave  
Full many a hundred years;  
Small pity the tyrant gave  
To his sister's trouble and tears.

He pursued her with curses and blows,  
Till she fell to the earth and prayed,  
All helpless amidst her foes,  
"O God, come thou to my aid!"

O how is it going to end?  
Your story has sadly begun.  
No more shall I care to attend,  
If nought for the sister is done.

Alas, what more should I say  
Than my sorrowful story saith?  
For the sister arose one day,  
And stabbed her brother to death.

A. GLASBRENNER.

**STORM.**  
— — —

Cloud-curtains thick with thunder  
Are downward drawn ;  
Fast rush the rains thereunder,  
And drown the dawn.

Nay, storms' dense ranks are driven  
Far, far away ;  
Night's robes are rent and riven  
By rising day.

Embattled clouds together  
Bolt-burdened meet ;  
Yet after sultry weather  
The air is sweet.

Then burst your bonds, for after  
The fight is won,  
Mid Freedom's joyous laughter  
Shall Right be done.

FRANZ VON HOLTZENDORF.







